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NO ALWAYS SONGS

By Rev. C. S. Robinson, D.D. & Theo. E. Perkins.



PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
NO 1122 CHESTNUT STREET.
NEW YORK:
NOS 8 & 10 B'BLE HOUSE.







CALVARY SONGS:

A COLLECTION OF

NEW AND CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON D. D., AND THEODORE F. PERKINS.

PHILADELPHIA :
AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
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PREFACE.

It is hoped that this Book will be sufficient for the real use of any ordinary Sunday-school for at least twenty years. Only, let there be enterprise in learning to sing the pieces, so as to bring them *all* into service.

Mechanical reasons have forbidden any arrangement according to exact analysis of subjects. But the following table will furnish all suggestions that are needed.



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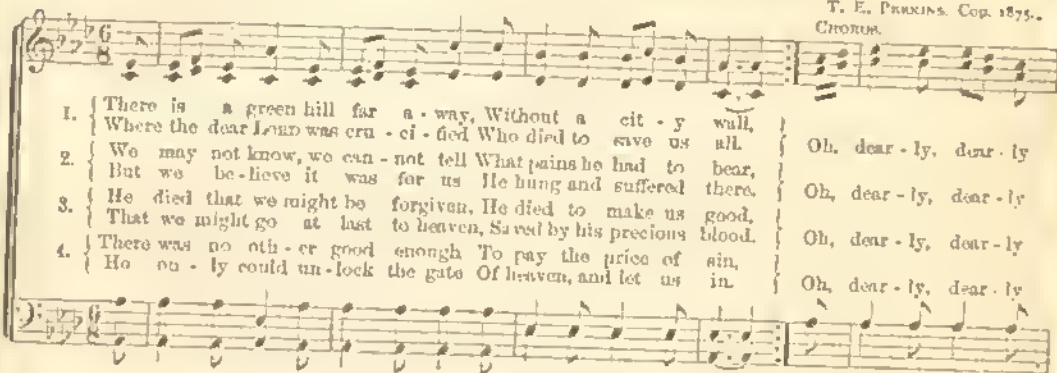
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CALVARY SONGS.

MR. ALEXANDER.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

T. E. PROCKINS. Cop. 1875.
CHORUS.



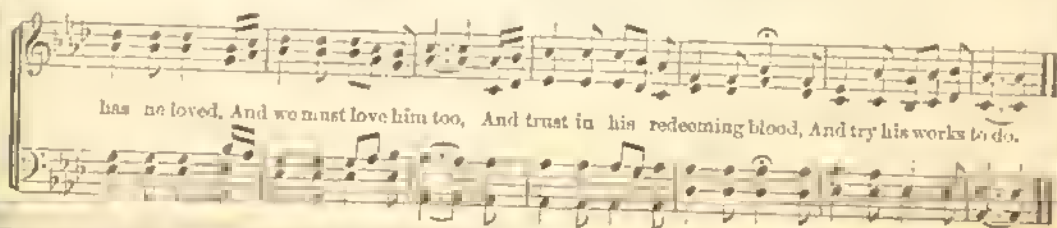
1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit-y wall,
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains he had to bear,
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.

3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood.

4. There was no oth-er good enough To pay the price of sin,
Ho-on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly
Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly
Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly
Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly



has ne loved, And we must love him too, And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

AYTSON.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-cel-l-ing-ly sing: Je-ru-salem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King. Zi-on, the

marvelous sto-ry be tell-ing. The Son of the Highest, how low-ly his birth: The brightest archangel in

Repeat 1st Chorus. Chorus after Last Verse.
glo-ry ex-cel-l-ing, Ho stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth. Shout the glad tidings, ex-

cel-l-ing-ly sing:.... Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messiah is King. Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS. *Concluded*

5

- Chor.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.
 2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
 Now free to the faithful he offers salvation!
 How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
 Chor.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

- Chor.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.
 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
 Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
 One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.
 Chor.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Hymn.

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Rev. J. B. DICKER.

1. Holy, Holy, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-mighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
 2. Holy, Holy, Ho-ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

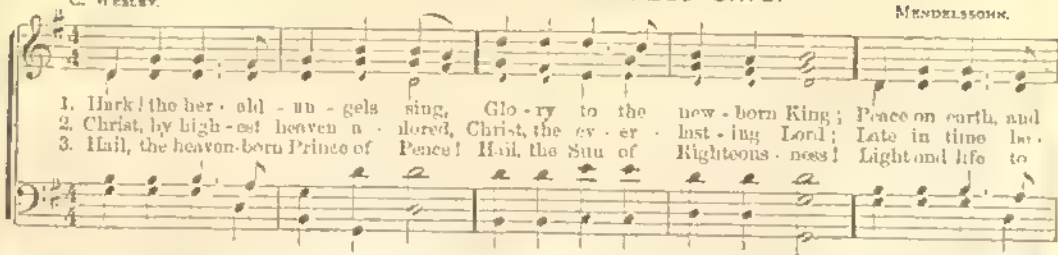
Holy, Holy, Ho-ly! Mer-ci-ful and Mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 Cher-u-bim and Seraphim falling down be-fore thee, Which wert and art, and ex-cer-nore shalt be. A-men.

- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not
 see,
 Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

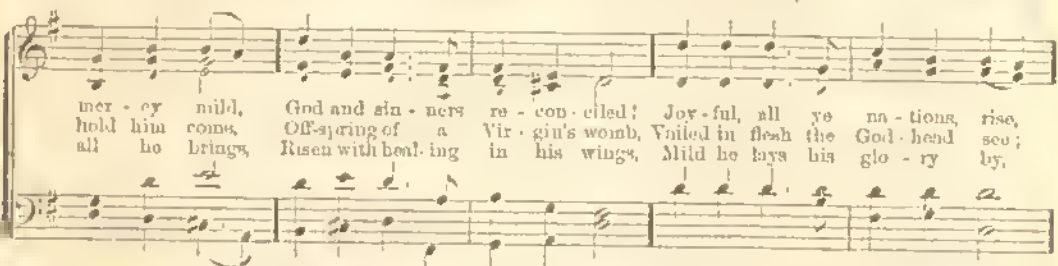
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and
 sky, and sea;
 Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

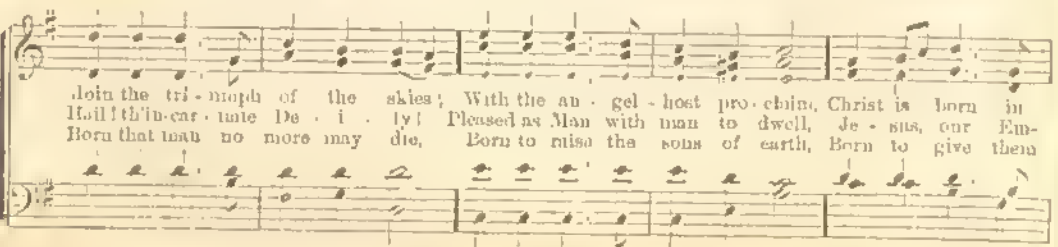
MENDELSSOHN.



1. Hark! the her - old - un - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Son of Righteous - ness! Light and life to



mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled; Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
 hold him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb, Veiled in flesh the God - head see;
 all he brings, Risen with heal - ing in his wings, Mild he tays his glo - ry by,



Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in
 Hail! th'in - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -
 Born that man no more may die, Born to rouse the sons of earth, Born to give them

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING. *Concluded.*

7

The musical score is written for a vocal part and an organ accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff. The organ part is on a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp. The organ part begins with a 'Cresc.' marking and ends with a 'Dim.' marking. The lyrics are: 'Beth - le - hem! With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem! man - u - el, Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el seo - ond birth. Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them seo - ond birth.'

FIRST HYMN.

- 1 "Canst, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men, and angels I say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and, earth! reply.
Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 2 Vain the stour, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"—
Dying once, he all doth live;—
"Where thy victory, O Grave!"

SECOND HYMN.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove!
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face!
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

- 2 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Baptise all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.
Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.
Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string.
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

Wm F. Sherwin, Cop. 1875.

1. Come now with joy and singing, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs ringing, Our grateful tribute bringing
 2. When to this Refuge fly - ing, Turn sinners, helpless, dy - ing. On Christ a - lone re - ly - ing.

CHO.— We sing with ex - ult - a - tion, Lord God of our sal - va - tion; Thou art our sure founda - tion,

FINIS.

To our al-mighty Friend; Off'ring, with purest pleasure, To him the heart's full treasure, Whose love no
 No harm can reach them there; When floods of grief are dashing, And waves of sorrow plashing. Light to the

Our Ref-uge ev - er - more.

D. C. CHO.

thought: can mea - sure, Whose praise shall nev - er end.
 soul comes flash - ing—God's smile through dark des - pair!

3 In waking or in sleeping,
 Bright days, or nights of weeping,
 Our souls are in thy keeping
 While here we wait below;
 In thee alone abiding,
 And in thy love confiding,
 Safe when thy hand is guiding,
 We'll ever onward go. CHO.

ARISE AND SHINE.

1. { Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night :
 Out of midnight in - to day [Omit.....] Je - sus bids us come a - way.

1st. 2d.

CHORUS.

A - rise, a - rise, a - rise and shine : A - rise, a - rise, thy light is come :
 A - rise, a - rise, a - rise and shine ; A - rise, a - rise, thy light is come :

A - rise and shine, thy light is come, The glo - ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on our gloom.
 A - rise and shine, thy light is come,

2 From this world's alluring snares,
 From its perils and its cares,
 From its vanity and strife,
 Jesus beckons us to life. *Cho.*

3 From the vanities of youth,
 Into rest, and love, and truth,
 Into joy that never fails,
 Jesus in his mercy calls. *Cho.*

THE HEAVENS DECLARE HIS GLORY.

CONDR.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. The heavens declare his glo - ry. Their Maker's skill the skies: Each day re - peats the sto - ry. And
 2. So pure, so soul - re - stor - ing, Is truth's di - vin - er ray; A brighter radiance pour - ing Than

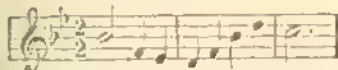
night to night re - plies. Their si - lent pro - cla - ma - tion Throughout the earth is heard; The
 all the pomp of day: The wanderer sure - ly guid - ing. It makes the sim - ple wise; And

re - cord of cre - a - tion, The page of nature's world.
 ev - er - more a - bid - ing. Un - fail - ing joy sup - plies.

3.
 Thy word is richer treasure
 Than larks within the mine;
 And faintest fare less pleasure
 Yields than this food divine.
 How wise each kind monition!
 Led by thy counsels, Lord,
 How safe the saints' condition,
 How great is their reward!

-FIRST HYMN.

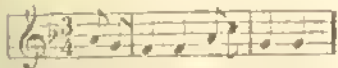
NORTHFIELD. C. M.



- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus—the name that charms our
Threats and our sorrows cease! [Refrain]
Thy name in the sinner's ears,
Thy life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for us.

-SECOND HYMN.

WATFORD. E♭ & 7/4. D.



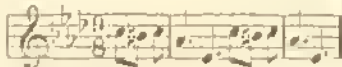
- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Proud to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Proud to leave the One I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

THIRD HYMN.

SABBATH SONG.



- 1 Strains of music often greet me,
As I join the busy throng;
But there's nothing half so pleasant
As the holy Sabbath song.

CHORUS.

- No fear of ill, no fear of wrong,
While I can sing my Sabbath song;
My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song,
I love to sing my Sabbath song.

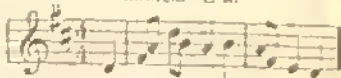
- 2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.

- 3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;
But the song of blest redemption
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.

- 4 While I live, oh, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath morn;
And when death shall call me home-
ward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.

FOURTH HYMN.

WARWICK. C. M.

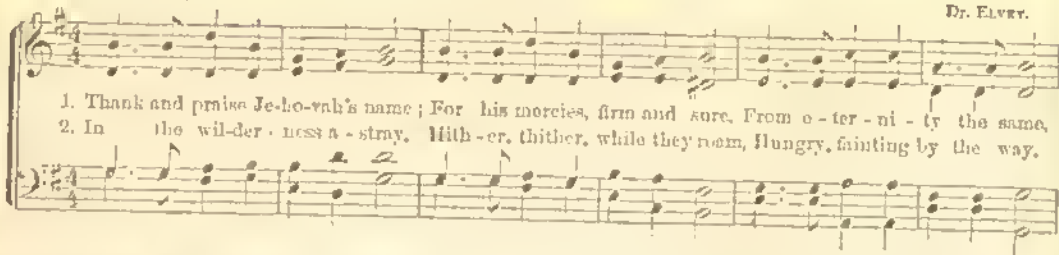


- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Prosecuting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of mine straight,
And plain before my feet.

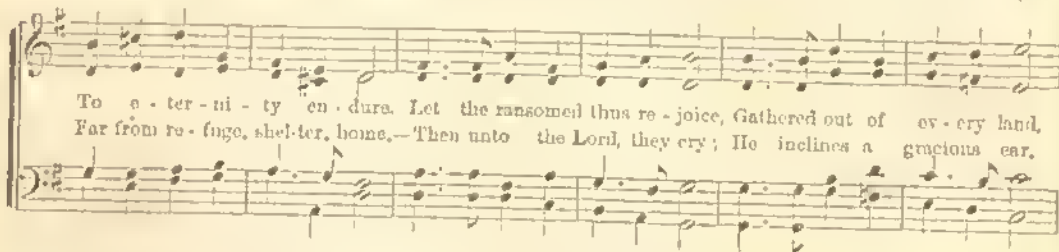
THANK AND PRAISE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

MONTGOMERY.

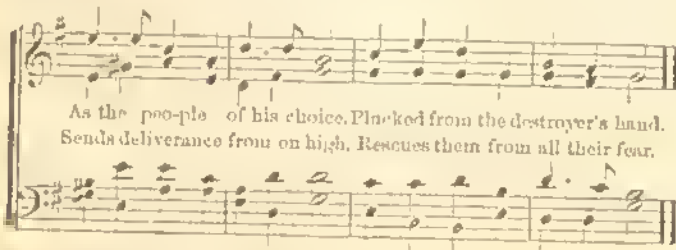
Dr. ELVY.



1. Thank and praise Je-ho-vah's name; For his mercies, firm and sure, From e - ter - ni - ty the same,
2. In the wil-der - ness a - stray, With - er, thither, while they roam, Hungry, fainting by the way.



To e - ter - ni - ty en - dura. Let the ransomed thus re - joice, Gathered out of ev - ery land,
Far from re - fuge, shel - ter, home.—Then unto the Lord, they cry; He inclines a gracious ear.



As the peo-ple of his choice, Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
Send a deliverance from on high, Rescues them from all their fear.

3.
To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

SHOUT FOR JOY!

1. Shout for joy! come before the Lord with ringing; Young and old wake the glad refrain; Praise Je - ho -

va! to him your tribute bringing, Till the skies e - cho back the strain. Praise the Father who

loves his children ever—Chant his goodness in cheerful song; He, our God, will for - sake his people

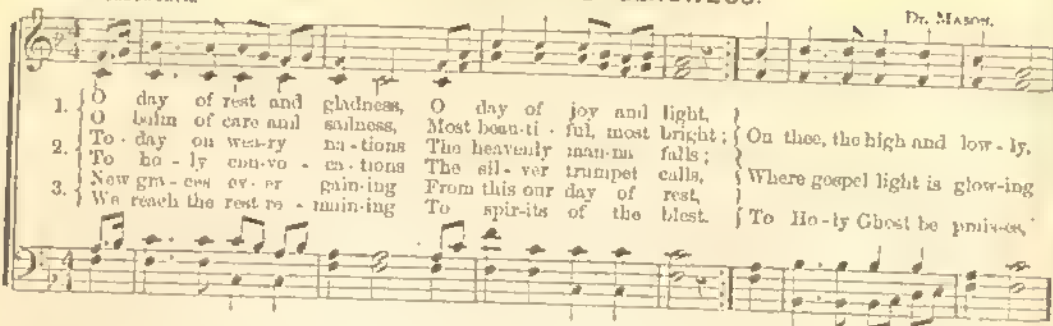
nev - er; End - less praises to him be - long.

D. C. 2.

Praise the Son, who has brought us free salvation—
 Pardon, peace, through his precious blood;
 Bringing home, out of every tribe and nation,
 Wandering souls to the fold of God.
 Holy Spirit, our Comforter in sadness,
 Kindly Light, leading pilgrims on—
 Thine we praise in a grateful hymn of gladness,
 With the Father and Holy Son. Shout, &c.

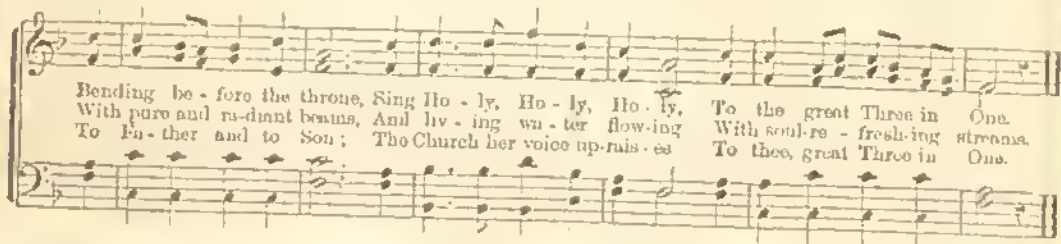
O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

Dr. Mason.



1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
 2. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heavenly man-na falls;
 To ho-ly con-voc-a-tions The sil-ver trumpet calls;
 3. Now gra-cious ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest.

On thee, the high and low-ly,
 Where gospel light is glow-ing
 To Ho-ly Ghost be praise,



Bending be-fore the throne, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly,
 With pure and ra-diant beams, And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing
 To Fa-ther and to Son; The Church her voice up-rais-es
 To the great Three in One,
 With soul-re-fresh-ing streams,
 To thee, great Three in One.

SECOND HYMN.

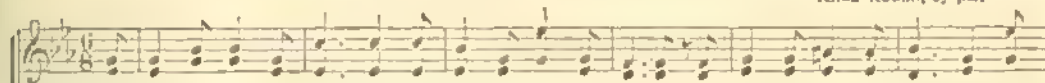
1 THINK holy day's returning,
 Our hearts exult to see;
 And with devotion burning,
 Ascend, O God, to thee!
 To-day with purest pleasure,
 Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
 We search for heavenly treasure,
 We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
 Lord of the Sabbath day;
 Each voice in gladness raises
 Its loudest, sweetest lay!
 Thy richest mercies sharing,
 Inspire us with thy love,
 By grace our souls preparing
 For nobler praise above.

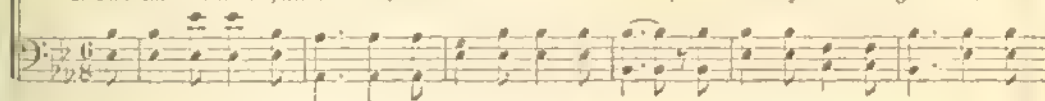
WE COME WITH HEARTS OF GLADNESS.

15

KARL REDEM, by per.



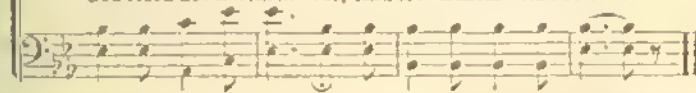
1. We come with hearts of gladness, Our Father and our King! With brows undimmed by sadness, Thy
2. Oh! fill our hearts, kind Father, With love from out thine own; While in thy courts we gath-er, An



wondrous love to sing; To enure thy Spir-it's bless-ing Up-on this hallowed hour, With
followers of thy Son! And on our pen-and in-bor, The lamb of Christ to bless, O



grateful trust con-fess-ing Thy wisdom and thy power.
God! look down with fa-vor, And crown them with suc-cess.



3.

Oh! wilt thou speed the dawning
Of that eternal day,
When earth and heav'n combining,
Shall own thy righteous way:
When every tongue shall bless thee,
And every heart shall own
That Kingdom, Power and Glory,
Be-long to thee alone!

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

E. BARNER.



- | | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, | Listen whilst we sing, | Hearts and voices raising | Praises to our King. |
| 2. Nearer, ev - er near - er, | Christ, we draw to thee, | Deep in a - dor - a - tion | Bending low the knee : |
| 3. Great and ever greater | Are thy mercies here, | True, and ev - er - last - ing | Are the glories there, |



- | | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| All we have to of - fer ; | All we hope to be, | Body, soul, and spir - it. | All we yield to thee, |
| Thou for our redemption | Can'st on earth to die : | Thou, that we might follow, | Hast gone up on high. |
| Where no pain, or sorrow, | Toil, or care is known, | Where the angel - legions | Circle round thy throne. |



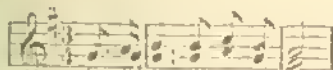
- 4 Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done ;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

- 5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God :
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

- 6 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul
Earthly toils forgetting
Finds its promised goal ;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

FIRST HYMN.

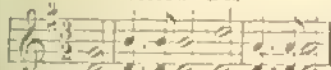
SABBATH 7, 6, 6.



- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Tune of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thine the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling love—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

SECOND HYMN.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



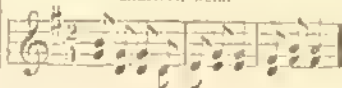
- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of settling day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shroud
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead
When none but God is near.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength re-
new
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus when life's tolling day is near,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour
And lead to endless day.

THIRD HYMN.

SABBATH BALL.



- 1 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Ref. In the light, in the light,
Sounding much of joy to tell, in, &c.
But a music sweeter far, in, &c.
Breathes where angel spirits are
Ref. In the light of God.
- Cuo*—Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.
- 2 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow! *Cao.*
- 3 Yea, that hies our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see,

For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
Cao.

FOURTH HYMN.

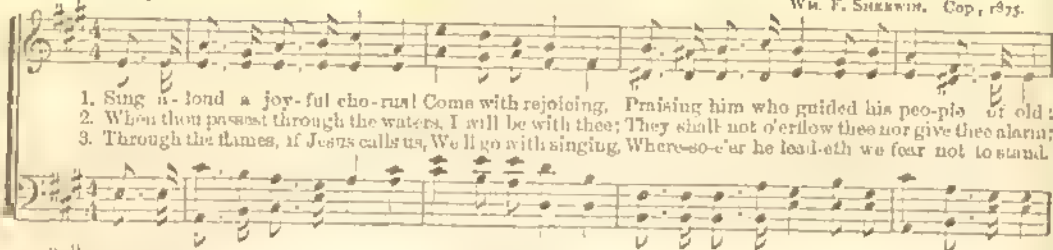
LOVE AT HOME.

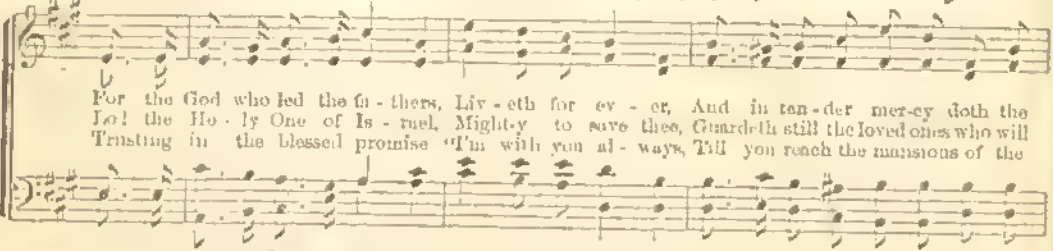


- 1 There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home;
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet in every side,
Thus doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
- REMAIN.*
- Love at home, love at home;
Thus doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
- 2 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home. *Ref.*
- 3 Jesus, show thy mercy true,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper I am thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun in bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's love at home. *Ref.*

THROUGH THE JORDAN!

Wm. F. SHERWIN. Cop., 1875.

- 
1. Sing a- loud a joy-ful cho-rus! Come with rejoicing, Praising him who guided his peo-ple of old;
 2. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; They shall not o'erflow thee nor give thee alarm;
 3. Through the flames, if Jesus calls us, We'll go with singing, Where-so-e'er he lead-eth we fear not to stand.



For the God who led the fa-thers, Liv-eth for ev-er, And in tan-der mer-cy doth the
 Jo! the Ho-ly One of Is-rael, Might-y to save thee, Guard-eth still the loved ones who will
 Trusting in the blessed promise 'T'm with you al-ways, Till you reach the mansions of the

Chorus.



child-ren behold, Through the Jordan, through the Jor - dan, We will go when he gives us the
 lean on his arm.
 fair promised land."

through the Jordan,

THROUGH THE JORDAN. *Concluded.*

19

word, In the Jer - dan, in the Jer - - dan, We are safe with the Ark of the Lord.
the word, In the Jordan,

ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD, GUIDE ME.

KARL REGEN, by per.

1. Is - rael's Shepherd, guide me, feed me, Through my pil - grim-age be - low,
2. Lord, thy guardian pres - ence ev - er, Meek - ly kneel - ing, I im - plore;

And be - side the wa - ters lead me, Where thy flock re - joice - ing go.
I have found thee, and would nev - er, Nev - er wan - der from thee more.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

F. J. HARTLEY.

S. J. VAIL Cop. 1874.

1. My life flows on in endless song: A - lone earth's lam-en - ta - tion, I catch the sweet
 2. What tho' my joys and comforts die, The Lord my Saviour liv - eth; What tho' the dark -
 3. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin: I see the blue n - bove it; And day by day

though far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a - tion. Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I
 now gather round, Songs in the night he giv - eth! No storm can shake my in - most calm While
 this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the mu - sic ringing: It finds an ech - o in my soul; How can I keep from singing!
 to that ref - uge clinging; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing!
 foun - tain ev - er springing: All things are mine, since I am his; How can I keep from singing!

From "GOSPEL SONGS," by P. P. Bliss.

HOLD THE FORT.

21

By per. of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

1. Hail my comrades, see the sig-nal Waving in the sky! Re-inforcements now appearing, Vic-tory is nigh!
 2. See the mighty host ad-vancing, Sa-lar leading on; Mighty men around us fall-ing, Courage almost gone.
 3. See the glorious ban-ner waving, Hear the bu-ble blow! In our Leader's name we'll triumph Over ev-ery foe.
 4. Pierce and lung the bat-tle-rages, But our Help is near: Onward comes our Great Com-mander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

CHORUS

"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Je-sus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven,—"By thy grace we will!"

SECOND HYMN.

Geo. S. Weeks, by per.

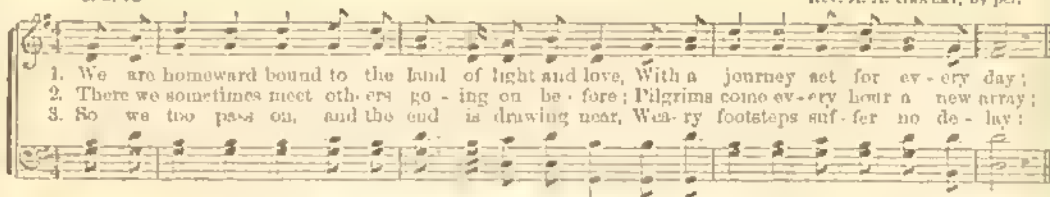
- 1 Lift the Royal banner higher,
Banner of the free;
Let its folds of mercy waving
Now encircle me.
Cho.—Ring aloud the glorious anthem,
Anthem of the free!
Wave the banner, love its motto—
"Jesus died for me."
- 2 Floating out amid the gloaming,
Wave it, lift it high,
Till the myriad lost ones see it,
Weary ones draw nigh. Cho.
- 3 On the burning plain,
So our Jesus, now uplifted,
Bids us look again. Cho.

- 4 Jesus waits to bid you welcome,
Hear his loving voice;
Come, my brother, heed his calling,
Evermore rejoice. Cho.
- 5 "Come and taste my love unending,"
Jesus says to thee;
Pleasures rich, and joy unceasing,
Thine shall ever be. Cho.
- 6 When the waves of sin are rolling,
Like a mighty man,
Trust in Jesus, he will help thee,
Jesus died for thee. Cho.
- 7 Courage, brother, do not falter,
Press with vigor on,
Jesus ever beckons onward,
On to glory, on! Cho.

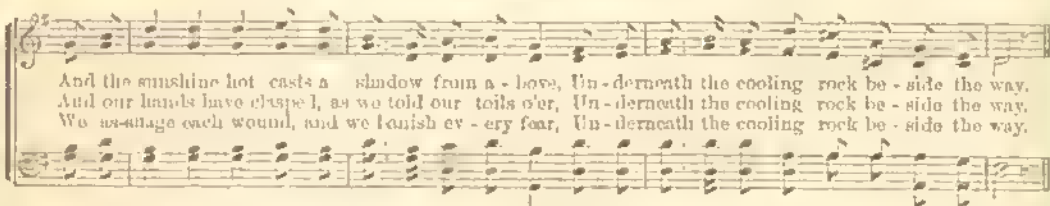
THE ROCK BESIDE THE WAY.

C. S. R.

REV. A. A. GRALLEY, by per.



1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love, With a journey set for ev-ery day;
 2. There we sometimes meet oth-ers go-ing on be-fore; Pilgrims come ev-ery hour a new array;
 3. So we too pass on, and the end is drawing near, Wan-ry footsteps suf-fer no de-lay;

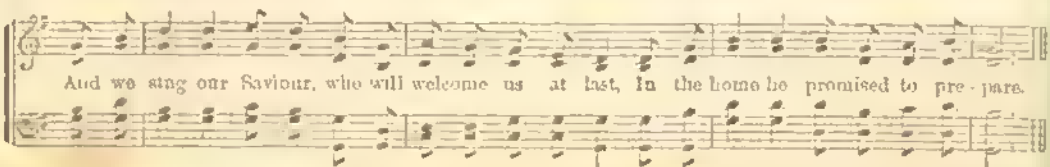


And the sunshine hot casts a shadow from a - bove, Un-derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.
 And our hands have clasped, as we told our toils o'er, Un-derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.
 We manage each wound, and we banish ev-ery fear, Un-derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.

CHORUS.



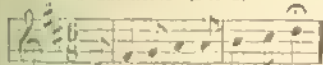
Oh, the blessed shadow where the pilgrims wait and rest, Lay-ing off each burden that we bear;



And we sing our Saviour, who will welcome us at last, In the home he promised to pre-pare.

FIRST HYMN

SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.



1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

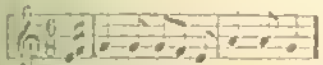
That cal's me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer;
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
E' gave the waiting soul to bless;
And when he bids me seek his face,
He bids me seek his grace,
I'll rest on him my weary cure,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

SECOND HYMN.

BUTTERFLY. 2. M.



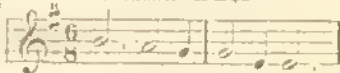
1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of care,
Here is a calm, a sweet retreat;
Thy sound beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all fleshless more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There, where an eagle's wings we wear,
And sin and sense no longer care;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

THIRD HYMN.

EXTRACT. 6s & 4s.



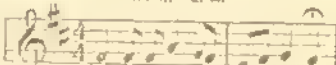
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That follows me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest is none,
Yet in my dream I'll see,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

FOURTH HYMN.

NAOMI. C. M.



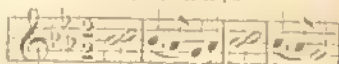
1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will devise,
Accepted of thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise,—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me blest in thee."

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey
shine,
And crown my journey's end."

FIFTH HYMN.

SILEX. 8s & 7s.



1 Lord, bless us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us, oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Praise thy presence, O!
With us evermore be found.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

English Melody.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his em-ble, his cross, and his tomb.
 2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-part-ed, the shadows are past.
 3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is finished, the price hath been paid.
 4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the pardon is free! The just for the un-just has died on the tree.
 5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain, Our death is tri-um-ph-ant and liv-eth a gain.
 6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He pleads for us on his throne in the sky.
 7. Re-joice and be glad! For he cometh a gain! He com-eth in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.

1st time. 2nd time.

{ Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain; [Omit.] }
 { Sound his prais-es, tell with glad-ness, [Omit.] } He liv-eth a gain.
 { Cho. for 7th Verse. { Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain; [Omit.] }
 { Sound his prais-es, tell with glad-ness, [Omit.] } He com-eth a gain.

SECOND HYMN.

- 1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love.
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
 Cuo.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
 Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.
- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
 [Cho.]
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
 [Cho.]
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our way.
 [Cho.]
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart, with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. [Cho.]

GLORY TO GOD!

Arr. by T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.

1. "Glo-ry to God! Peace on the earth! Good will to men!" sang the an-gels a-love; Glo-ry to God!
 2. Praise ye the Lord! Lift to his name High hal-le-lu-jahs from each happy voice; Strike the loud chord!

Peace on the earth! Good will to men!—sound the cho-rus of love! Bright dawns the morning, when
 Praise ye the Lord! Let ev-ery soul in his glo-ry re-joice! Oh, for a strain such as

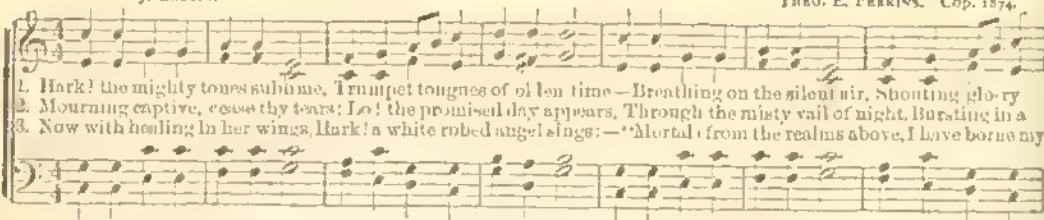
heaven is so near; Sweet be our anthem, for Ja-sus is here; Come, let us sing—sing of his grace,
 an-gels re-peat, When the redeemed cast their crowns at his feet; "Worthy the Lamb! once he was shin-

Grate-ful thanksgivings shall at-ter his praise.
 Now on his throne he is reigning a-gain!"

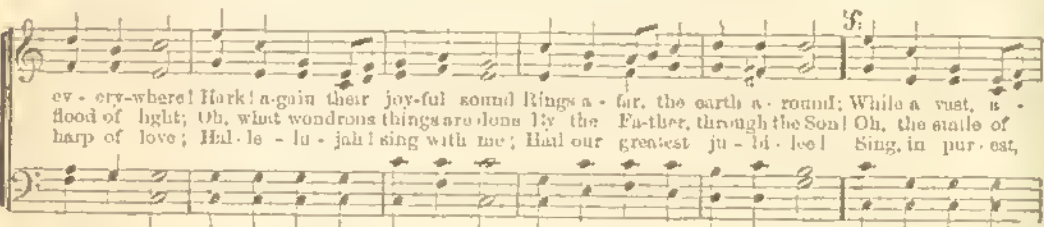
3 O Christ of God! risen and crowned!
 Come with thy presence, thy Spirit impart!
 Come with thy love! come with thy power!
 Breathe on our souls, and enrich every heart!
 And were thy sufferings, shameful thy cross,
 Sharing our punishment, bearing our loss;
 Now, Lord of all, thee we adore!

THE ANGEL'S PROCLAMATION.

THEO. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1874.



1. Hark! the mighty tones sublime, Trumpet tongues of olden time—Breathing on the silent air, Shouting glory
 2. Mourning captive, cease thy tears; Lo! the promised day appears, Through the misty veil of night, Bursting in a
 3. Now with healing in her wings, Hark! a white robed angel sings:—“Alerted from the realms above, I have borne my

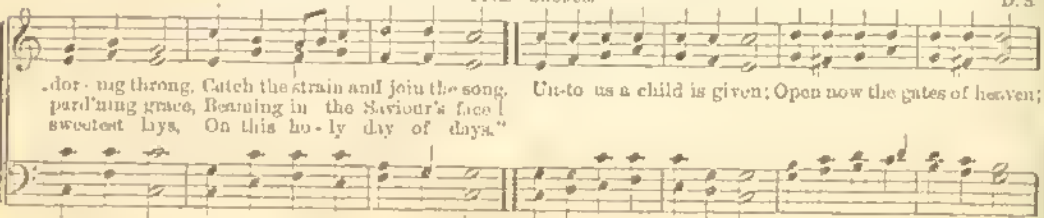


ev - ery-where! Hark! a-gain their joy-ful sound Rings a - round the earth a - round; While a vast, a
 flood of light; Oh, what wondrous things are done by the Fa-ther, through the Son! Oh, the smile of
 harp of love; Hal - le - lu - jah! sing with me; Hail our greatest ju - bi - lee! Sing in pur - est,

D. S.—E - den lost, to

FINAL CHORUS.

D. S.



...dor - ing throng. Catch the strain and join the song, pard'ning grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face
 sweetest lays, On this ho - ly day of days.” Un-to us a child is given; Open now the gates of heaven;

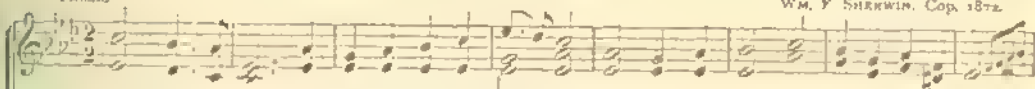
man restored, Through the birth of Christ the Lord.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

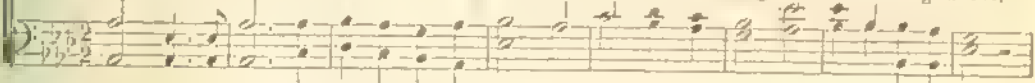
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FANER.

WM. F. SHREWIN. Cop. 1872.



1. Hark! hark! my soul: An - gelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,



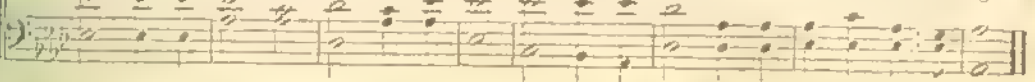
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - ss love.



Chorus.



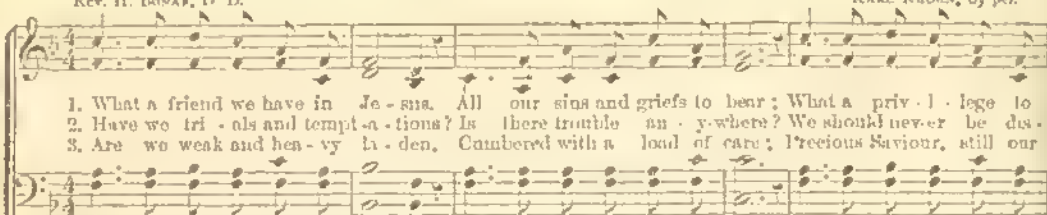
An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night



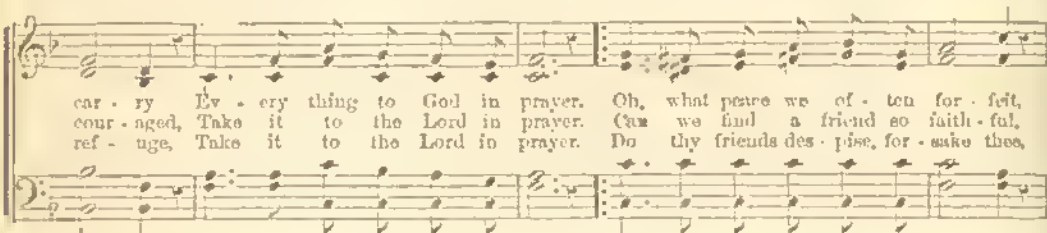
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. DONAR, D. D.

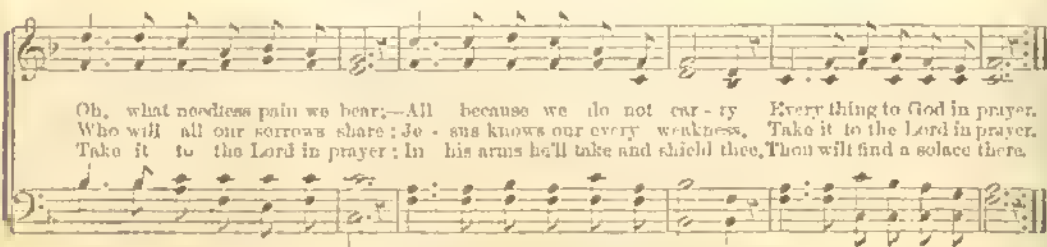
KARL RUDEN, by per.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus. All our sins and griefs to bear : What a priv - i - lege to
 2. Have we tri - als and tempt - a - tions ? Is there trouble an - y - where ? We should nev - er be dis -
 3. Are we weak and hen - vy li - den, Cumbered with a load of care ; Precious Saviour, still our



car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - get,
 cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faith - ful,
 ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends des - pise, for - sake thee,



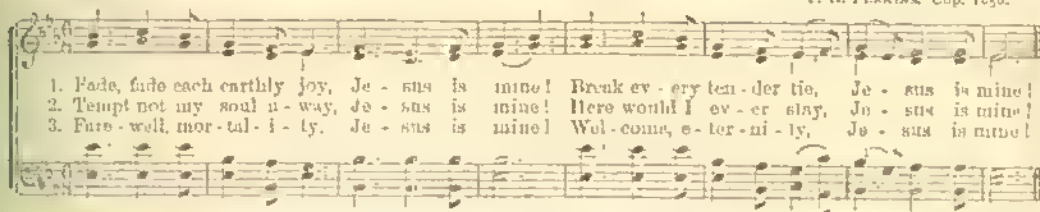
Oh, what needless pain we bear ;—All because we do not car - ry Every thing to God in prayer.
 Who will all our sorrows share : Je - sus knows our every weakness. Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Then wilt find a solace there.

JESUS IS MINE.

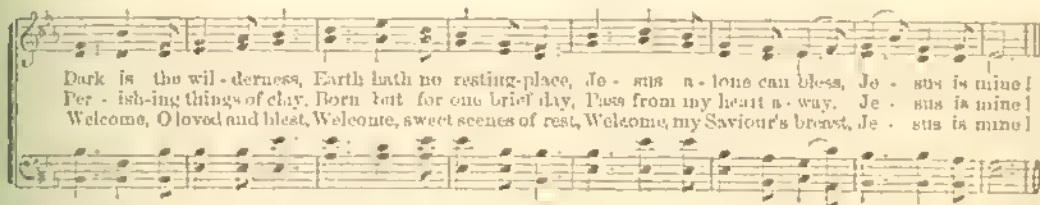
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Mr. H. BOMAR.

T. F. PERKINS, Cop. 1858.




1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ly, Je - sus is mine!



Dark is the wil - derness, Earth hath no resting - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.



1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: { Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on } earth, as it is in heaven:
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us;
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but do liv - er us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ev - er. A - - - - - men.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

P. P. Bliss, by per

1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Je - sus. Like
 2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus. Wa
 3. No need of the sunlight in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the world is Je - sus. The

sun - shine at noon - day his glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 walk in the Light when we fol - low our guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold, The Light of the world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shin - ing for thee; Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me;

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. *Concluded.*

31

Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - su.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Wm. G. FISCHE, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but
 Tho. — I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at thy cross I

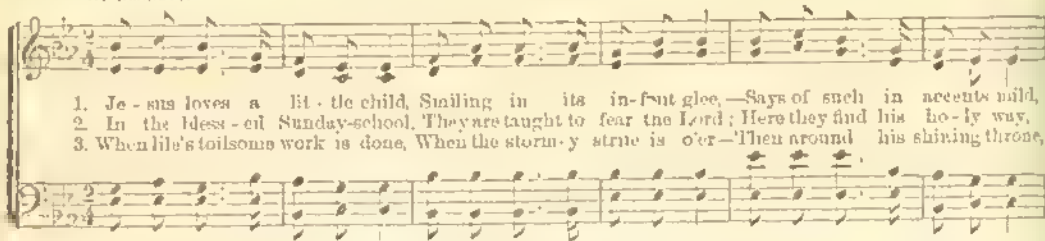
dross; I shall full cal - va - tion find.
 bow, Give me, Je - sus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*
- 3 In thy promises I trust;
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

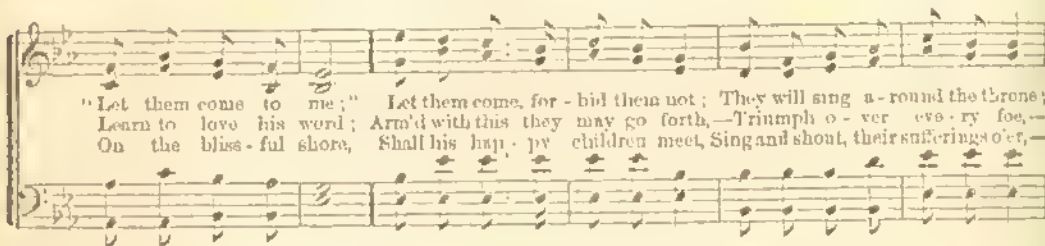
JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

W. BLANNETT.

W. F. SHREWIN. Cop. 1874.

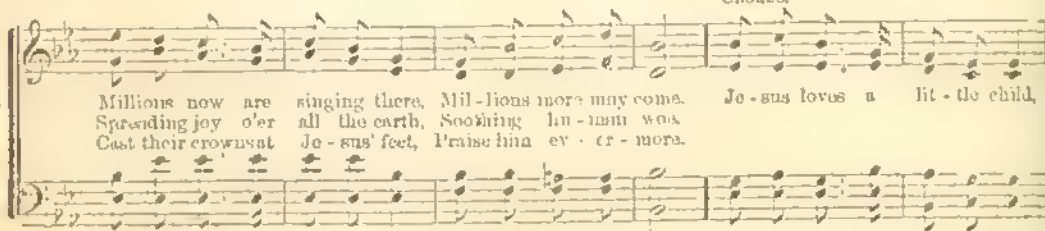


1. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child, Smiling in its in - fant glee, — Says of such in accents mild,
 2. In the bless - ed Sunday-school, They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find his ho - ly way,
 3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the storm-y strife is o'er — Then around his shining throne,



"Let them come to me;" Let them come, for - bid them not; They will sing a - round the throne;
 Learn to love his word; Arm'd with this they may go forth, — Triumph o - ver eve - ry foe, —
 On the bliss - ful shore, Shall his hap - py children meet, Sing and shout, their sufferings o'er, —

CHORUS.



Millions now are singing there, Mil - lions more may come. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child,
 Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing hu - man woe.
 Cast their crowns at Je - sus' feet, Praise him ev - er - more.

JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD. *Concluded*

33

Smil-ing in its in-fant glee,—Says of such, in ac-centa mild, "Let them come to me."

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some moving lines. The lyrics are written below the upper staff, aligned with the notes.

MISS THALHEIMER.

MY SHEPHERD.

CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car-ing in ev-ery need, Thy lit-tle lamb to feed, Trusting thee still;
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhangs night, My soul would ter-ri-fy With sudden chill,—

In the green pastures low, Where living waters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fearing no ill.
Yet I am not a-fraid; While softly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill!

The musical score for 'My Shepherd' is presented in three systems. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are placed between the staves of each system. The first system includes two verses of lyrics. The second and third systems continue the melody and accompaniment.

1. There is no love like the love of Je-sus, Nev-er to fade or fall, Till in - to the fold of the

peace of God, He has gathered us all. **CHORUS.** Je-sus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and true; Oh,

turn to that love, weary wand'ring soul, Jesus pleadeth for thee. 2 'There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No thro' nor thro' that our hearts can know,
But he feels it above. *Cho.*
3 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus;
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on his loving breast,
In the dear heavenly home. *Cho.*

COME TO JESUS TO-DAY.

Earnestly.
1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Je-sus to - day, To-day come to Jesus, Come to Je-sus to - day.

2. He will save you, &c.
3. Oh, believe him, &c.
4. He'll receive you, &c.

5. Fleo to Jesus, &c.
6. He will hear you, &c.
7. He'll have mercy, &c.

8. He'll forgive you, &c.
9. He will cleanse you, &c.
10. Jesus loves you, &c.

SING FOR JESUS.

J. E. Gould, by per.

35

SMALL-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

1. Oh, may I while I live on earth, Sing for Je - sus, sing for Je - sus;
2. And may I while I live be - low, Speak of Je - sus, speak of Je - sus;
3. Then let me while my life re - mains, Live for Je - sus, live for Je - sus;

SMALL-CHORUS.

CHORUS

DUET.

I raise him with my heart and breath, Sing to his dear name. For have I not great cause for praise. To
 Nev - er tire of his dear name, Tire of his dear name. Oh! how much he has done for me, He
 Count it hon - or, though I oft Suffer for his name. But when at last my life shall be, With

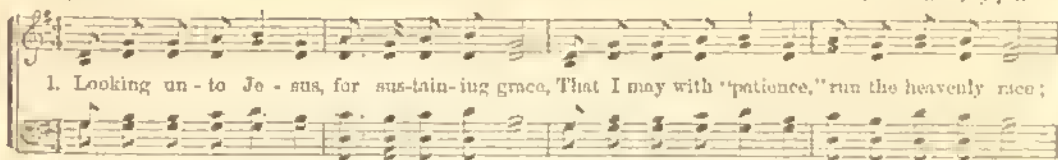
Da Capo in Chorus.

him who crowns my youthful days, And leads me through the pleasant ways, To sing of his dear name.
 hung on Cal - ry's cursed tree; That I might ev - er - more be free, To speak for his dear name.
 him throughout e - ter - ni - ty; Oh! then how sweet it there will be, To ev - er live for him.

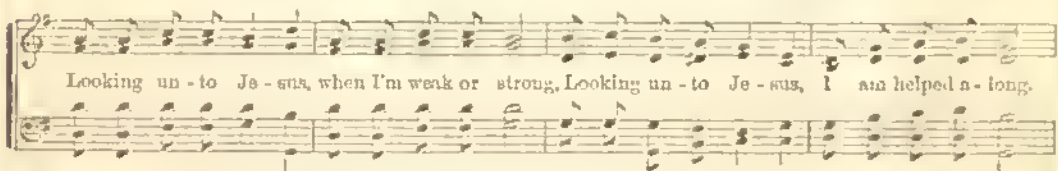
LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

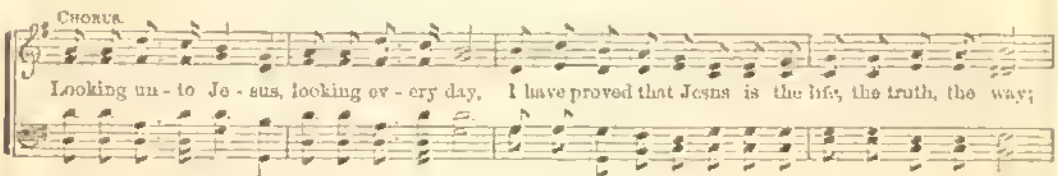
WM. G. FISCHER, ly. det.



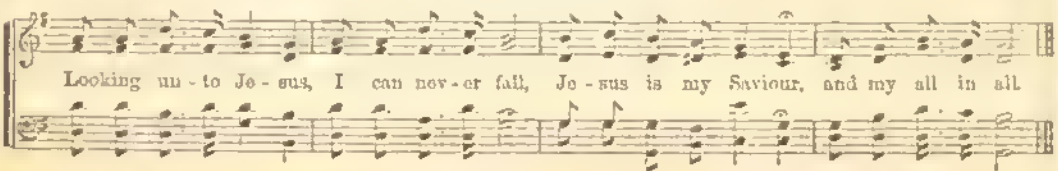
1. Looking un - to Je - sus, for sus-tain-ing grace, That I may with "patience," run the heavenly race ;



Looking un - to Je - sus, when I'm weak or strong, Looking un - to Je - sus, I am helped a - long.



CHORUS.
Looking un - to Je - sus, looking ev - ery day, I have proved that Jesus is the life, the truth, the way;



Looking un - to Je - sus, I can nev - er fall, Je - sus is my Saviour, and my all in all

LOOKING UNTO JESUS. *Concluded.*

37

- 2 Looking unto Jesus, I can always see
Jesus with approving smile looking down on me ;
Looking unto Jesus, I can run straight on,
Looking unto Jesus, all my fears are gone. *Cho.*
- 3 Looking unto Jesus, oh, delightful sight,
Jesus turns my darkness into heavenly light ;

- Looking unto Jesus, through the stormy skies,
Jesus gilds with glory all the clouds that rise. *Cho. :*
- 4 Looking unto Jesus, till the hour shall come,
When he sends his angels down to take me home :
Looking unto Jesus, till his face I see,
In his unvalled glory, through eternity. *Cho.*

MY SAVIOUR DEAR.

PALGRAVE.

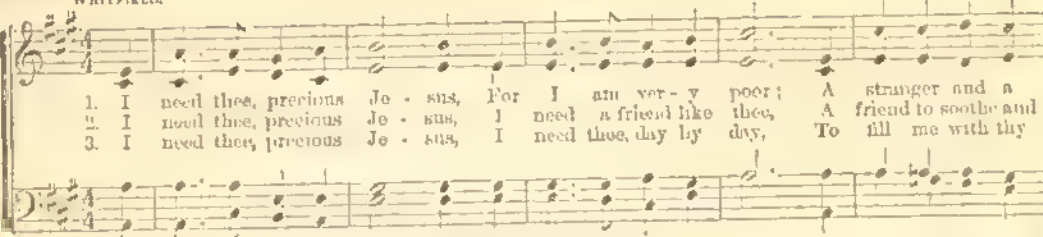
T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1870.

1. Then that once on mother's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me, When I wake or go to bed,
2. Be - side me in the light, Close be - side me all the night, Make me gen - tle, kind, and true,
3. Thou art near me when I pray, Tho' thou art so far a - way ; Then my lit - tle hymn wilt hear,

Lay thy hand a - bout my head ; Let me feel thee ver - y near, Je - sus Christ, my Saviour dear.
Do what mother bids me do. Help and cheer me when I fret, And for - give when I for - get.
Je - sus Christ, my Saviour dear, Then that once on mother's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me.

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

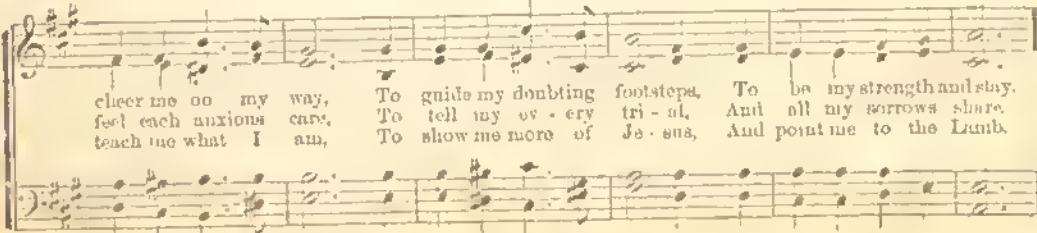
ART. T. E. PERKINS.



1. I need thee, precious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor; A stranger and a
 2. I need thee, precious Je - sus, I need a friend like thee, A friend to soothe and
 3. I need thee, precious Je - sus, I need thee, day by day, To fill me with thy



pil - grin, I have no earth - ly store; I need the love of Je - sus To
 lit - y, A friend to care for me; I need the heart of Je - sus To
 full - ness, To lead me on my way; I need thy Ho - ly Spir - it To



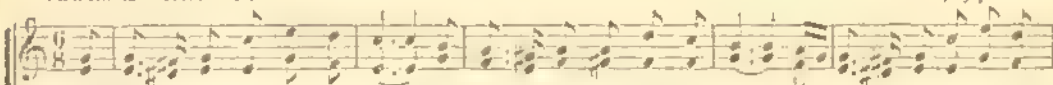
cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
 feel each anxious care, To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sorrows share.
 teach me what I am, To show me more of Je - sus, And point me to the Lamb.

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

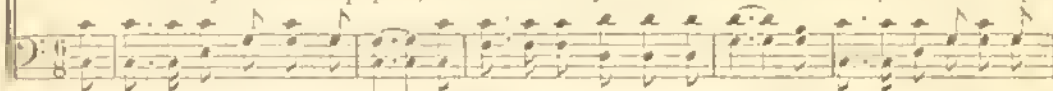
39

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

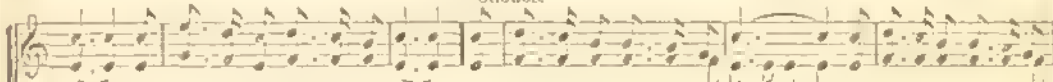
Wm. G. FISCHER, by per



1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be - given, That life and sal - va - tion are free; And all may be wash'd and for -
2. From the darkness and sin and despair, Out in - to the light of his love, He has brought me and made me an
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of his love, The measureless depths of his grace, My soul all his fullness would
4. In him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heaven be - low, And freely his blood is ap -



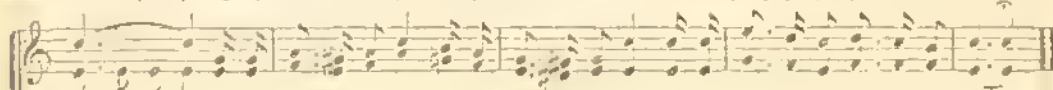
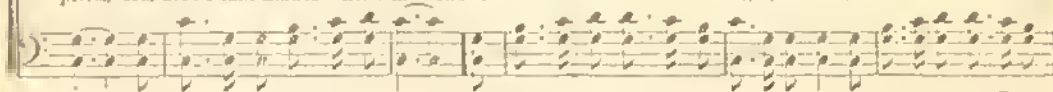
CHORUS.



given, And Je - sus can save even me. Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all his salvation may
beir, To kingdoms and mansions a - bove.
prow, And live in his lov - ing em - brace.
plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

is mighty to save,

sal



know..... On his bosom I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow,
va - tion may know.



THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I have en-tered the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And Je-sus a-bides with me there:

And his Spir-it and blood make my cleansing com-plete, And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear.

Chorus. Bless-ing. Oh, come to this val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je-sus will full-ness be-stow,—

Oh, be-here, and re-ceive, and con-fess him, That all his sal-vation may know.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING. *Concluded.*

41.

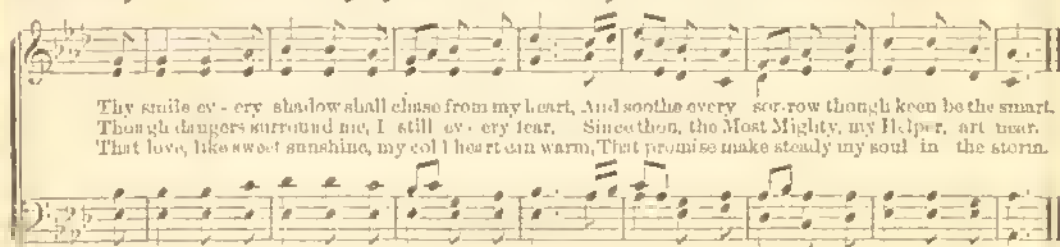
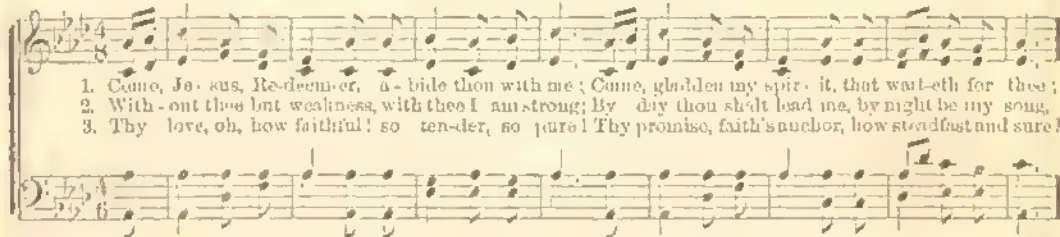
- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's foot,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Cho.*
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;

- When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Cho.*
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain." *Cho.*

Dr. RAY PALMER.

COME, JESUS, REDEEMER.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1860.



- 4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace;
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings hence forward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

- 5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

OH, HOW HE LOVES!

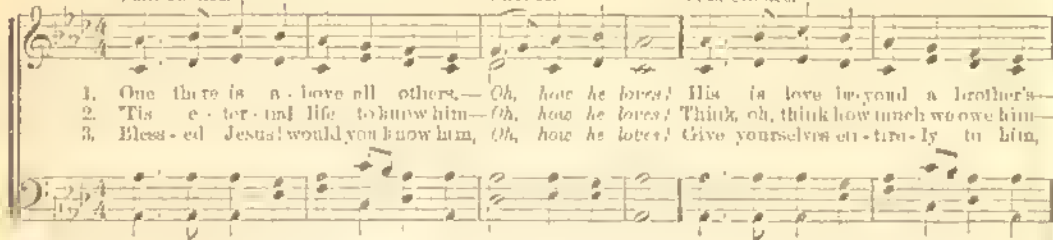
Miss M. NURS.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1866.

SEMI CHORUS.

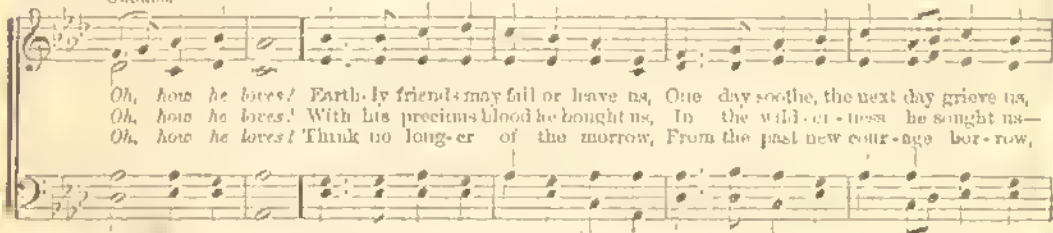
CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

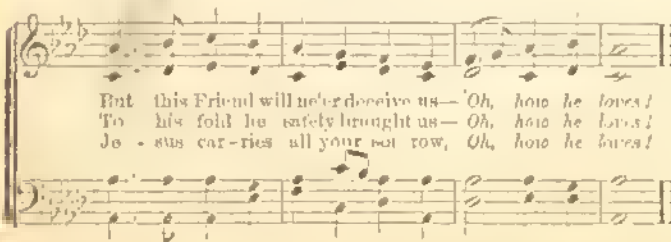


1. One there is a love all others— *Oh, how he loves!* His is love beyond a brother's—
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know him— *Oh, how he loves!* Think, oh, think how much we owe him—
 3. Bless - ed Jesus! would you know him, *Oh, how he loves!* Give yourselves en - tire - ly to him,

CHORUS.



Oh, how he loves! Earth - ly friends may fall or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
Oh, how he loves! With his precious blood he bought us, In the wild - er - ness he sought us—
Oh, how he loves! Think no long - er of the morrow, From the past new cour - age bor - row,



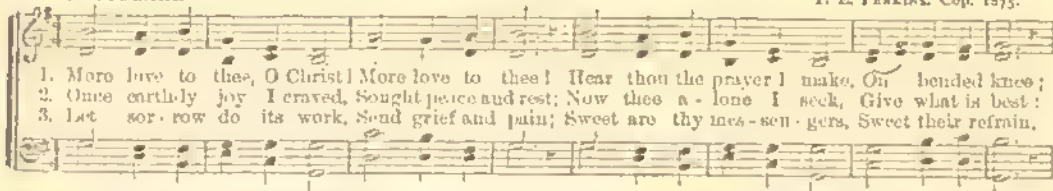
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us— *Oh, how he loves!*
 To his fold he safely brought us— *Oh, how he loves!*
 Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, *Oh, how he loves!*

4.
 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
 Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
 Best of blessings he'll provide you,
 Naught but good shall e'er betide you,
 Safe to glory he will guide you,
Oh, how he loves!

-MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. PRENTISS.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875. 43



1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best;
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their refrain.

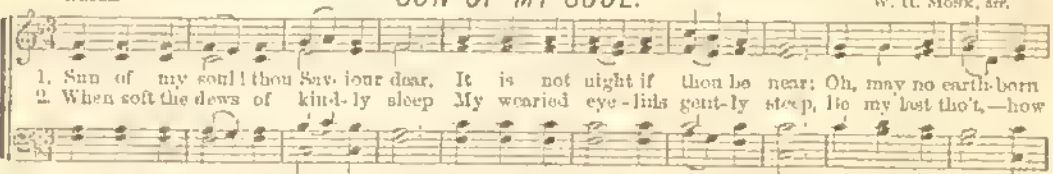


This is my earnest plea,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
This all my prayer shall be,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!

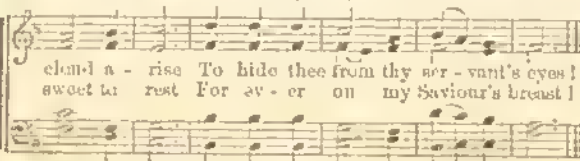
CHORUS.

-SUN OF MY SOUL.

W. H. MOORE, arr.



1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep, Be my last tho't,—how

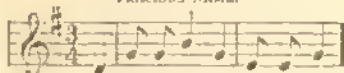


cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes!
sweet re-rest For ev-er on my Saviour's breast!

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

FIRST HYMN.

PRECIOUS NAME.



- 1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven;
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ, the Saviour given.

REFRAIN

We have to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

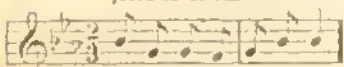
- 2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abraham's son they sealed him,
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

- 4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almightily to release us,
From sin and Jesus, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

SECOND HYMN.

JESUS LOVES ME.



- 1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong.

CHORUS.

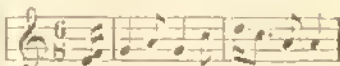
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

- 3 Jesus loves me! he will stay
I'll stand beside me all the way;
If I buy him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

THIRD HYMN.

CHILD. C. H. D.

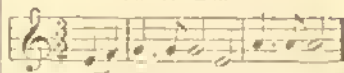


- 1 Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
Thy sweetness of thy path, how vain
I am too deaf to hear.

- 2 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yea! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

FOURTH HYMN.

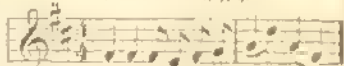
HERD. C. M.



- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And eases the troubled breast;
It makes the hungry soul
And to the weary, rest.
3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian,
Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Acce!pt the praise I bring.

FIFTH HYMN.

SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.



- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us (thine we are);
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us (thine we are).
2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, (pray,
Hear young children when they

SAVIOUR, KEEP ME.

45

G. S. W.

Geo. S. WEAKE, Cop. 1875.

1. Saviour, keep me ev - er near thee, From thee may I nev - er stray, Guide my wand'ring footsteps
2. When 'mid doubts and dark temptations From thee oft my spir - it strays, Be my strength, my firm foun -
3. Thro' death's dark and gloomy val - ley, When all hu - man aid must flee, Let thy presence and thy

ev - er In the path to heav'nly day, Oft my fal - tering feet do wan - der In for -
da - tion, Be my hope, my joy, my praise; And when sor - row's clouds shall hover Dark and
pow - er Be a light and strength to me. Thou, my hope, my joy, my comfort, Ev - er

hid - den ways of sin, Gen - tly, Lord, oh, gen - tly lead me To thy pastures back a - gain.
gloom - y round my soul, Be thou near and stay the tempest, Let no sing - ing bil - lows roll.
trust - ing thee I'll praise, And my life in sweetest numbers Still shall flow thro' end - less days.

1. This is the glorious Gospel word—Our God his heavens doth bow, And cry to each be-liev-ing heart,
 2. God speaks who cannot lie; why then One doubt should I al-low? I doubt him not, but take his word—
 3. I trust not self 'twould throw me back In-to Despond's deep along; From self I look to Christ, and find
 4. Temptations hard up-on me press, No strength is mine, I know; Yet more than conqueror am I,
 5. What-e'er my in-ire may re-quire, His grace will sure al-low; I live a moment at a time,

CHORUS

Je - sus saves thee now! Je - sus saves thee now, Je - sus saves thee now, Je - sus saves thee,
 Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
 Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
 Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
 Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.

yes, he saves thee, Je - sus saves thee now!

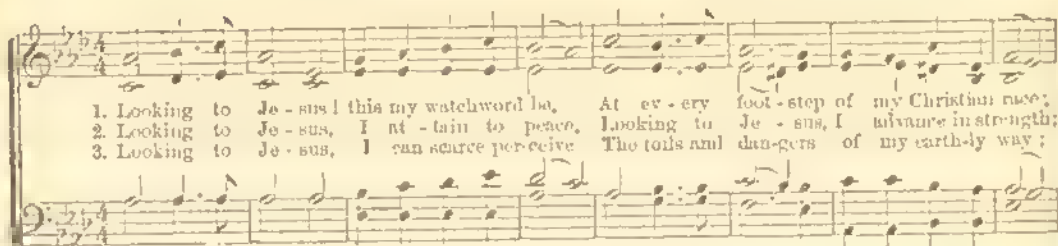
6 Why doubt him? he who died now lives;
 The crown is on his brow;
 The Son of Man hath power on earth,
 Jesus saves me now! *Cho.*

7 And when within the pearly gates,
 I at his feet shall bow,
 The heaven of heaven itself will be—
 Jesus saves me now! *Cho.*

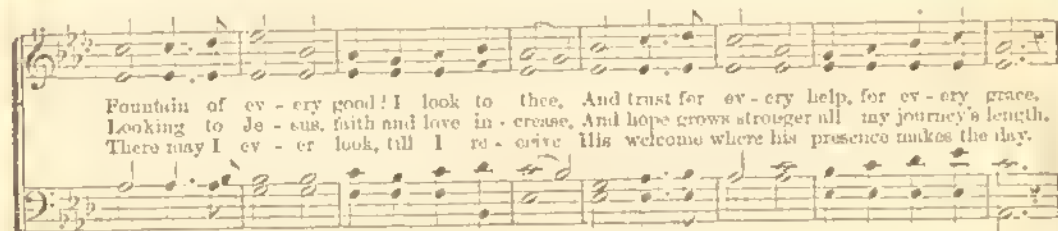
THE WATCHWORD—LOOKING TO JESUS.

47

H. KINGSBURY Cop. 1875.

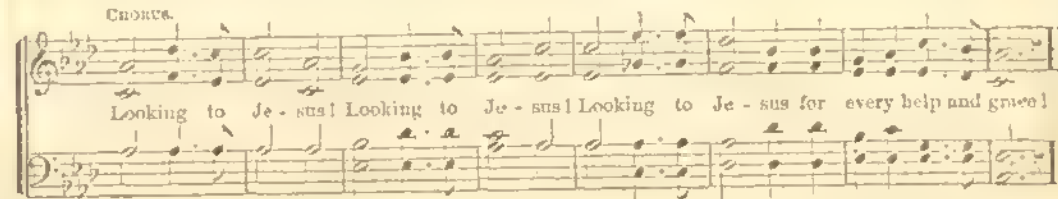


1. Looking to Je - sus! this my watchword be, At ev - ery foot - step of my Christian race;
 2. Looking to Je - sus, I at - tain to peace, Looking to Je - sus, I advance in strength;
 3. Looking to Je - sus, I can scarce per - ceive The toils and dan - gers of my earth - ly way;



Fountain of ev - ery good! I look to thee, And trust for ev - ery help, for ev - ery grace,
 Looking to Je - sus, faith and love in - crease, And hope grows stronger all my journey's length.
 There may I ev - er look, till I re - ceive His welcome where his presence makes the day.

Chorus.



Looking to Je - sus! Looking to Je - sus! Looking to Je - sus for every help and grace!

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. In the si-lent midnight watchee, List! thy be-som door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,

Knocketh ev-er-more. Say not, 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the

Spir-it's voice en-treat-ing Thee to let the Saviour in. *CHORUS* *pp* Let him in,..... *p* Let him in,..... *pp* Let him in,.....

in,..... *pp* Let him in,..... 'Tis the Ho-ly Spir-it knocketh,—Hush, and let the Saviour in.

2 Death comes down with ruthless footstep,
To the hall and hut—
Think you death will stand there knocking,
When thy door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
Death breaks in the door at last.
Let him in, &c.

3 'Then 'tis time to stand, entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he then will know thee not.
Let him in, &c.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE,

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

J. T. CRAFT. Cop. 1866.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; O child of weakness, pray, I am thine All-in - All.
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy faith, and thine alone, Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. For nothing good have I, Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash me in the blood, The blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all; All to him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow,

JESUS, MY LORD.

KARL REDEM, by per.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love, Je - sus, my Lord! All oth - er names a - love, Je - sus, my Lord!
 2. Thou, blest Son of God, Je - sus, my Lord! Hast bought me with thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!
 3. When in - to thee I flee, Je - sus, my Lord! Thou wilt my re - fuge be, Je - sus, my Lord!
 4. Soon thou wilt come a - gain! Je - sus, my Lord! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord!

Oh, thou art all to me! Nothing to please I see, Nothing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
 Oh, how great is thy love, All oth - er loves above, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
 What need I now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!
 'Then thine own face I'll see, Then I shall like thee be, Then or - er - more with thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

PSALM 23.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Purcell's Chant.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; || I shall — | not — | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down | in green | pastures; || He leadeth me be - | side the | still — | waters.
3. He re - | storeth my | soul; || He leadeth me in the path of righteousness | for his | name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil; || For thou art with me;
thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies; || Thou anointest my head with oil;
my | cup — | runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of | my | life; || And I will dwell in the | house
of the | Lord for - | ever. || A - men.

AND CAN IT BE?

51

Wesley.

Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1st. 2nd.

1 { And can it be that I should gain An interest in the Saviour's blood? [that]
Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? } Amazing love! how can it be

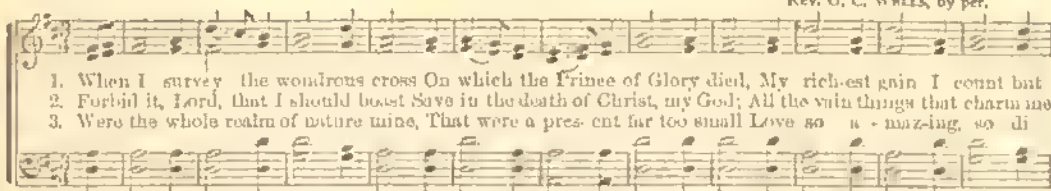
Thou, my Lord, should'st die for me? A - mazing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me?

- 2 'Tis mystery all, th'Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first born seraph tries
To sound the depth of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore!
Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And tided for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke: the dungeon flamed with light;
My chain fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I tread;
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

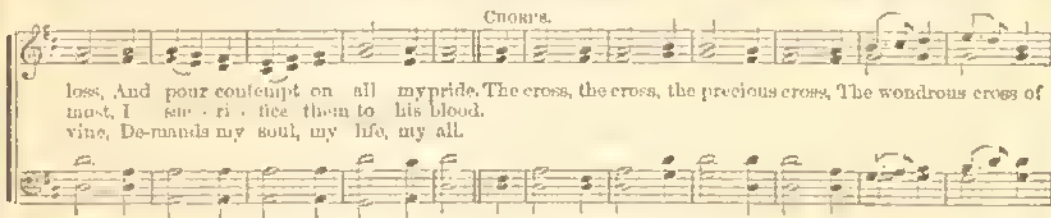
CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. G. C. WHITE, by per.

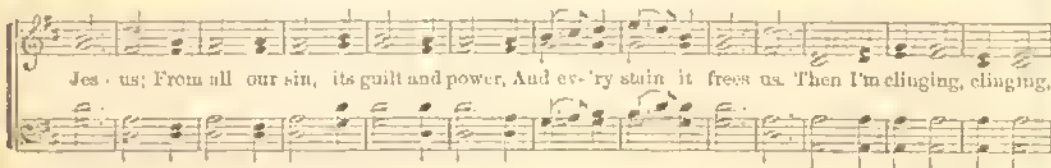


1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My rich-est gain I count but
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me
 3. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small Love so a-maz-ing, so di

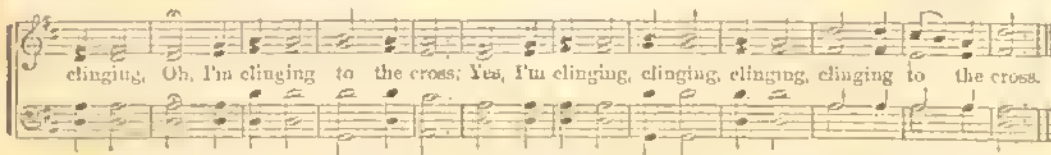
CHORUS.



loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous cross of
 most, I sin-ri-fice them to his blood.
 vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.



Jes-us; From all our sin, its guilt and power, And ev-ry stain it frees us. Then I'm clinging, clinging,



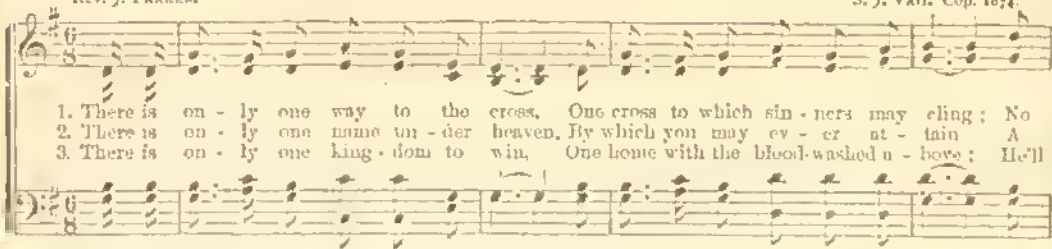
clinging, Oh, I'm clinging to the cross; Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

ONLY ONE WAY.

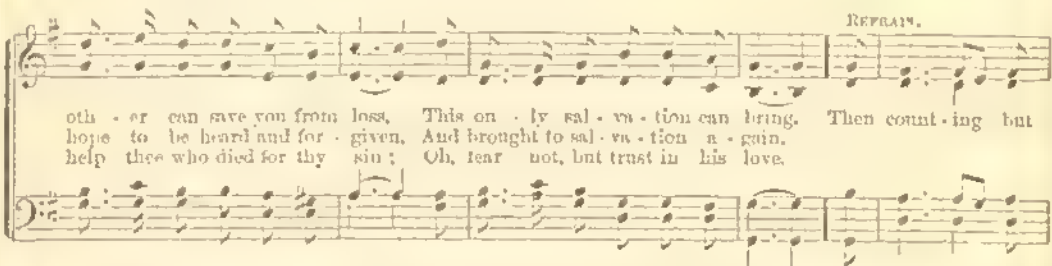
53

Rev. J. PARKER.

S. J. VAN, Cop. 1874.



1. There is on - ly one way to the cross, One cross to which sin - ners may cling ; No
 2. There is on - ly one name un - der heaven, By which you may ev - er at - tain A
 3. There is on - ly one king - dom to win, One home with the blood-washed a - bove ; He'll



oth - er can save you from loss, This on - ly sal - va - tion can bring, Then count - ing but
 hope to be heard and for - given, And brought to sal - va - tion a - gain.
 help thee who died for thy sin ; Oh, fear not, but trust in his love.



loss, The world and its dross, Re - liev - ing on Je - sus, Come kneel at the cross.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. 'There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-nel's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though

neath that flood Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And

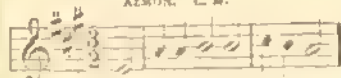
sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

3.
 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply.
 Redeeming love has been my theme
 And shall be till I die.

4.
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
 When this poor, lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave.

FIRST HYMN.

ARMON. C. M.



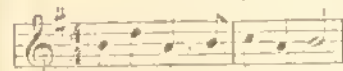
1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see,

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved; [four.
How precious that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and
Troubles already gone; [sensitive,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home. [tar,

SECOND HYMN.

FLEVKI'S HYMN. 7/8.



1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

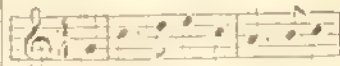
2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you unbewayed go on.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

THIRD HYMN.

BROWN. C. M.



1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth's iniquities and wiles
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

FOURTH HYMN.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

REFRAIN.

Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live in joying every day.

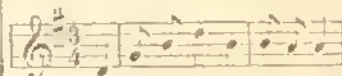
Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis thou, the great transactor's
I am thy Lord's, and he is mine; [phone,
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to embrace the cross divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

FIFTH HYMN.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.



1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is shaking sand.


2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil. Ref.


3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. Ref.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.


A. T. P.

REV. A. T. PIERSON, D. D. Cop. 1875.

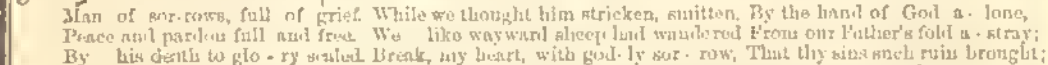
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1. When to those who sin and suf-fer, Je-sus came to bring re-lief, Lo! he was despised, re-jected,
 2. He, for our transgressions wounded, Brimmed for our in-i-qui-ty. By his chastisement, procured us
 3. He was led a lamb to slaughter, By his stripes we all are healed; In his blood our souls find cleansing,




Man of sor-rows, full of grief. While we thought him stricken, smitten, By the hand of God a-lone,
Peace and pardon full and free. We like wayward sheep had wandered From our Father's fold a-stray;
By his death to glo-ry sealed. Break, my heart, with god-ly sor-row, That thy sins such ruin brought;



He was bearing oth-ers' burdens, Sins and sor-rows not his own. Hail-le-lu-jah! Swell the cho-rus,
Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, And on him our sins to lay.
Break, my heart, with holy rapture, That his grace thy rescue wrought.



Praising him, the Cru-ci-fied; Oh, believe him, Oh, re-ceive him, Who for sinners blest and died!

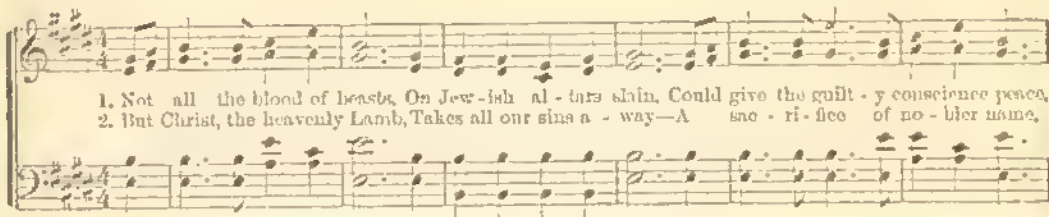


NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

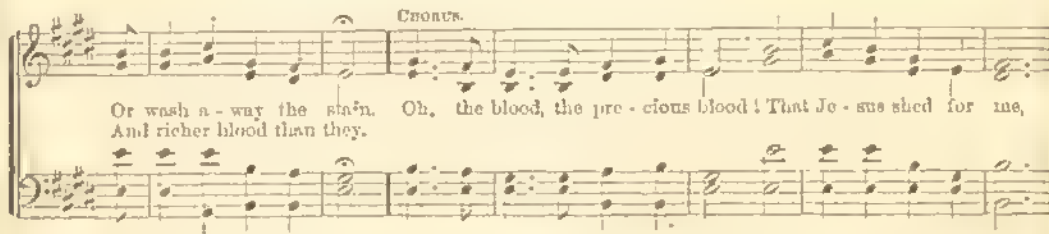
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WATER.

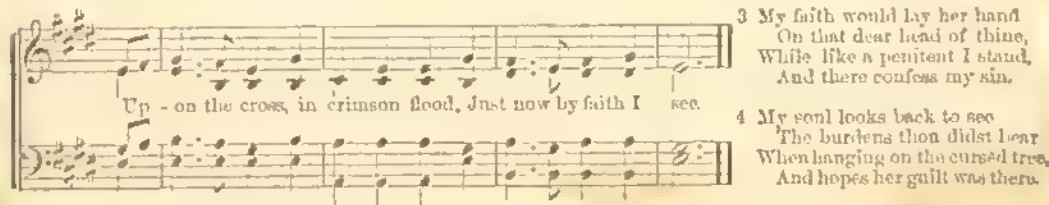
Rev. J. H. STODOLSKY, by per.



1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could give the guilt-y conscience peace,
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way—A sac-ri-fice of no-ble name.



Or wash a-way the stain. Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me,
And richer blood than they.



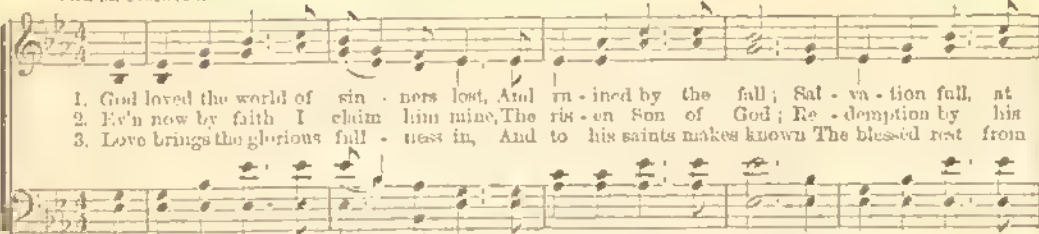
Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear land of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

WONDROUS LOVE.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at
 2. He'n now by faith I claim him mine, The ris - en Son of God; Re - demption by his
 3. Love brings the glorious full - nest in, And to his saints makes known The blessed rest from

Chorus



high-est cost, He of - fers free to all. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It
 death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood,
 in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.



brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste, here below,

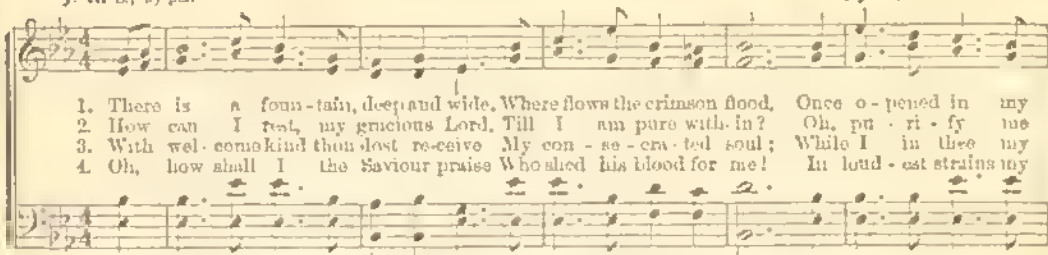
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
 Let all the ransomed sing,
 And triumph in the dying hour
 Thro' Christ the Lord our King. Cha.

WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

59

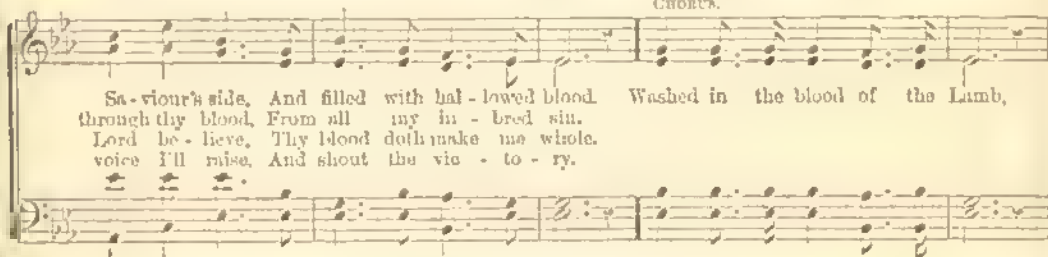
J. H. S., by per.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

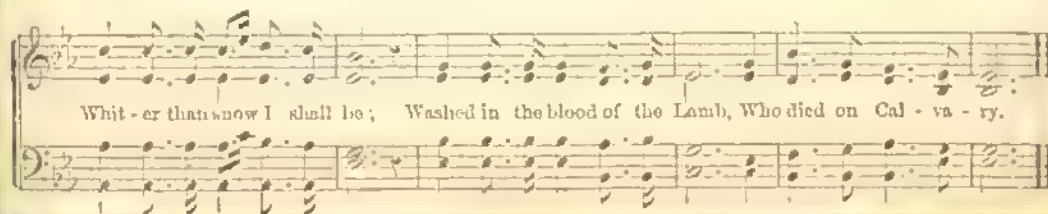


1. There is a fountain, deep and wide, Where flows the crimson flood, Once o - pened in my
 2. How can I rest, my gracious Lord, Till I am pure with-in? Oh, pu - ri - fy me
 3. With wel - come kind thou dost re - ceive My con - se - cra - ted soul; While I in thee my
 4. Oh, how shall I the Saviour praise Who shed his blood for me! In loud - est strains my

CHORUS.



Sa - viour's side, And filled with hal - lowed blood, Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
 through thy blood, From all my in - bred sin.
 Lord be - lieve, Thy blood doth make me whole.
 voice I'll raise, And shout the vic - to - ry.



Whit - er than snow I shall be; Washed in the blood of the Lamb, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

GO

REV. J. PARKER.

THERE IS LIFE IN A LOOK.

S. J. VAIL. Cop. 1874.

1. There is life in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, And joy to the spirit with-in; There is par-don for
 2. There is peace in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, He bore all my burden and shame; I have nothing to
 3. There is rest in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, When weary I fly to his care; He in-vites me to
 4. There is hope in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, A hope that a mansion is mine, Where the saints robed in

REFRAIN.

thee, Sinner, come and be free, For his blood giveth cleansing from sin. Oh, trust in his own precious blood, Who
 bring, To his mer-cy I cling, I am trusting alone in his name.
 come, In his love there is room, And I'm welcome his mercy to share.
 white, In the Cit - y of Light, Through faith in the Crucified shine.

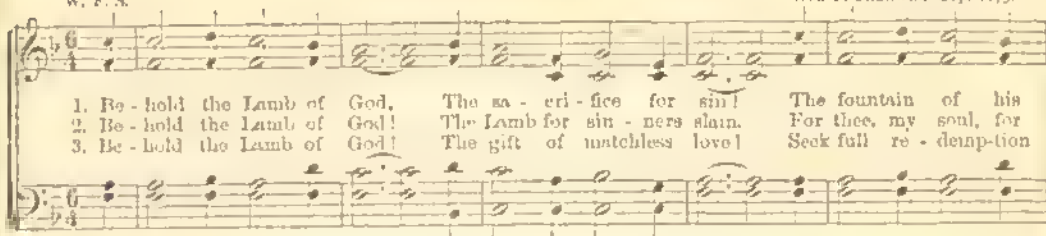
gives us accept-ance with God; He has pardoned my sin, He renews me within, I love him and trust in his word.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD,

61

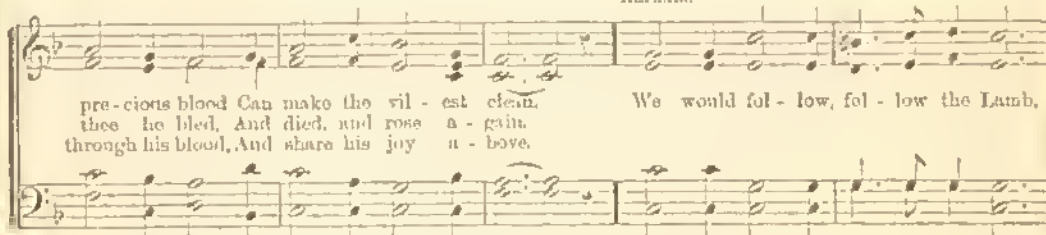
W. F. S.

Wm. F. SHERWIN, Cop. 1875.

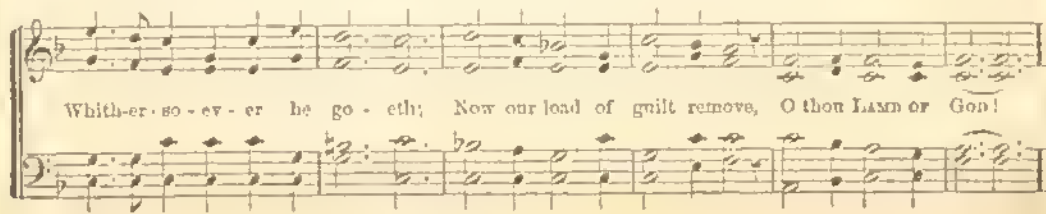


1. Be - hold the Lamb of God, The sa - cri - fice for sin! The fountain of his
 2. Be - hold the Lamb of God! The Lamb for sin - ners slain. For thee, my soul, for
 3. Be - hold the Lamb of God! The gift of matchless love! Seek full re - demp-tion

REFRAIN.



pre-cious blood Can make the vil - est clean, We would fol - low, fol - low the Lamb,
 thee he bled, And died, and rose a - gain.
 through his blood, And share his joy a - bove.

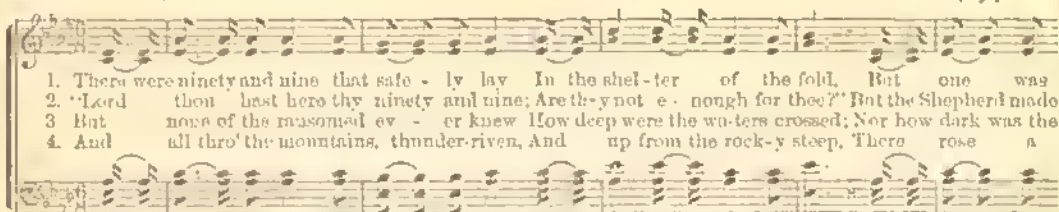


Whith-er-so-ev-er he go-eth; Now our load of guilt remove, O thou LAMB OF GOD!

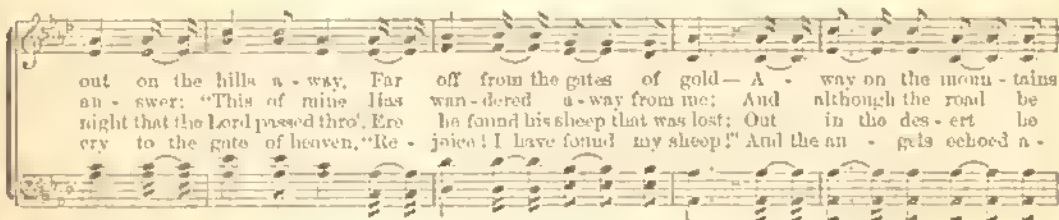
THE NINETY AND NINE.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

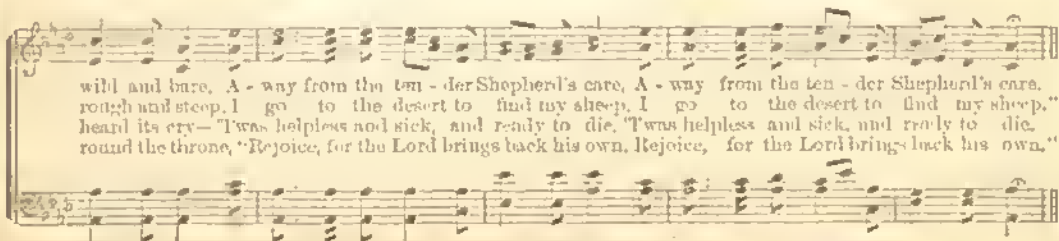
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was
 2. "Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are th-y not e - nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made
 3. But none of the masoned ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed; Nor how dark was the
 4. And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rock-y steep, There rose a



out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold - A - way on the moun - tains
 an - swer: "This of ruins has wan - dered a - way from me; And although the road be
 night that the Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost; Out in the des - ert he
 cry to the gates of heaven, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels echoed a -



wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care,
 rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep,"
 heard its cry - "Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die, 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die,
 round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own, Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own,"

O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

63

W. W. How.

H. KINGSBURY. Cop. 1875.

1. O Je - sus, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, In low - ly patience
 2. O Je - sus, thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorn - thy leav - en -
 3. O Je - sus, thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, my

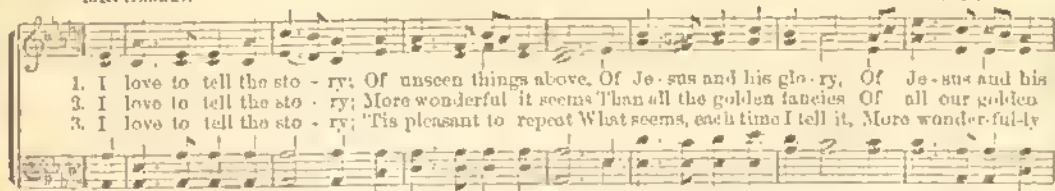
wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: We bear the name of Christ - ians, His
 cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred: Oh, love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So
 child - ren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with - stand and sor - row We

name and sign we bear: On, name, thrice name upon us! To keep him standing here.
 pa - tient - ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the Gate!
 op - en now the door: Dear Sa - viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

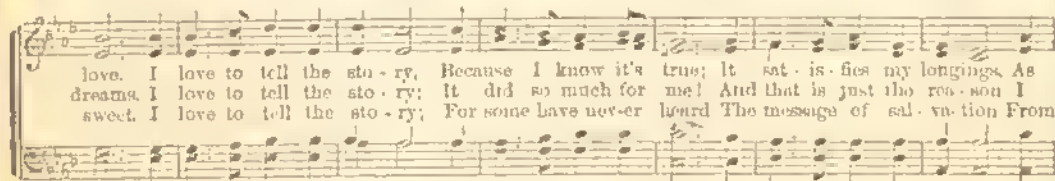
* LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

MISS HANKEY.

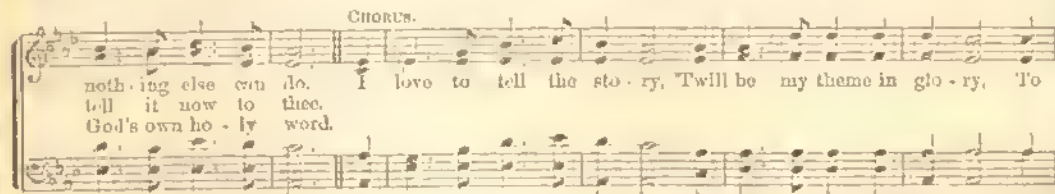
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.




1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-fully



love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As
 dreams, I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
 sweet, I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The message of sal - va - tion From



CHORUS.
 noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
 tell it now to thee,
 God's own ho - ly word.



tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

4 I love to tell the story,
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song
 'Twill be the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long! — Cha.

CLOSE TO THEE.

S. J. VAIL. Cop. 1874.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me, All a - long my pil - grim
 2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be; Glad - ly will I toil and
 2. Lead me through the vale of shadow, Bear me o'er life's lit - tle sea: Then the gate of life a -

REFRAIN.

jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
 sui - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
 ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to

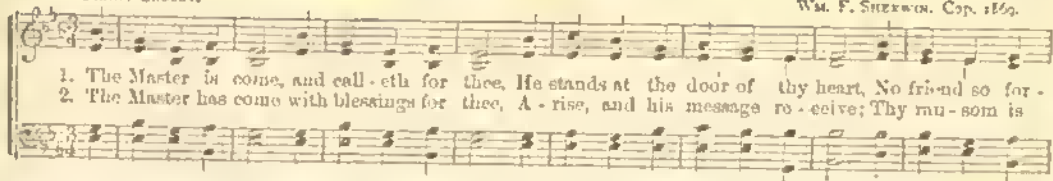
thee; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.
 thee; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
 thee; Then the gate of life a - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

FANNY CROSBY.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

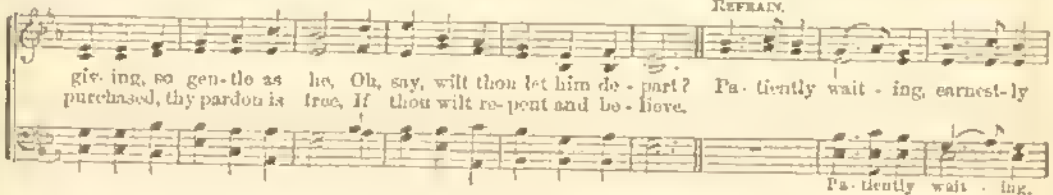
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WM. F. SHEPHERD. Cop. 1869.



1. The Master is come, and call-eth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart, No friend so for-
2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, A - rise, and his message re - ceive; Thy mu - som is

REFRAIN.

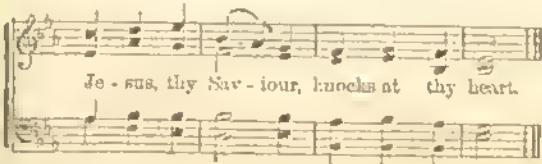


giv - ing, so gen - tle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him de - part? Pa - tiently wait - ing, earnest - ly
purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt re - pent and be - lieve.

Pa - tiently wait - ing.



plead - ing, Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, knocks at thy heart, Pa - tiently wait - ing, earnest - ly plead - ing,
wait - ing plead . . . ing.



Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, knocks at thy heart.

- 3 The Master is come, and call-eth thee now,
This moment what joy may be thine;
How tender the smile that illumines his brow,
A pledge of his favor divine. *Cho.*
- 4 He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,
Oh, fly to the arms of his love,
Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
Prepared in his kingdom above. *Cho.*

I AM COMING, LORD.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

HARTSOUGH, by per.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee; For cleansing in thy precious blood, That
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my villainess fully cleanse, Till
 3. The Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For

CHORUS.

flowed on Cal - va - ry. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me,
 spot - less all, and pure,
 earth and heaven a - bove.

in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

4 And he the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 If faith but brings the plea. Cho.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
 All hail! redeeming grace!
 All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness, tho.

TAKE ME, O MY FATHER!

69

RAY PALMER.

BRETHROVEN.

1. Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst
 2. Fruit- less years with grief re- coll- ing, humbly I con- fess my sin; At thy feet, O
 3. Once the world's Re- deem- er dy- ing, Bore our sins up- on the tree; On that sac- ri-

have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my foot- steps straying,
 Fa-ther, fall- ing, To thy house- hold take me in. Free-ly now to thee I prof-fer
 see re- ly- ing, Now I, look in hope to thee; Fa-ther, take me! all for- giv- ing

Thorn- y proved the way I trod; Weary come I now, and pray- ing—Take me to thy love, my God! I
 This re- lent- ing heart of mine; Free-ly life and soul I of-fer—Gift un- worthy love like thine.
 Fold me to thy lov- ing breast; In thy love for ev- er liv- ing, I must be for ev- er blest.

FANNY CROSBY.

T. F. PERKINS. Cop. 1873.

1. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart. Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door.
 2. Firm - ly cling to the bless - ed cross, There shall thy refuge be; Wash thee now in the crimson fount.
 D. C. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door,

FIN.

Je - sus is waiting there: Wait - ing to heal thy wounded soul, Waiting to give thee rest;
 Flowing so pure for thee: List to the gentle warn - ing voice, List to the earnest call,
 Je - sus is waiting there.

D. C. for Chorus.

3.

Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? Come to his loving breast.
 Leave at the cross thy burden now. Je - sus will bear it all.

Come and taste of the precious feast,
 Feast of eternal love;
 Think of joys that forever bloom,
 Bright in the life above:
 Come with a trusting heart to God,
 Come and be saved by grace;
 Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,
 Close in his dear embrace. *Ch.*

WHITER THAN SNOW.

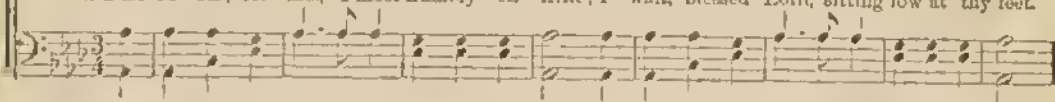
71

JAMES NICHOLSON.

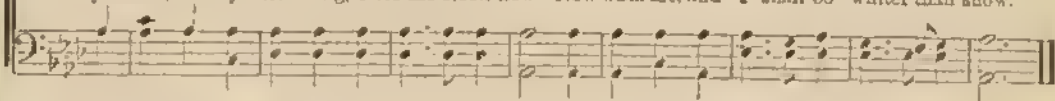
Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be perfect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacri - fice;
3. Dear Ju - sus, for this, I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, sitting low at thy feet.



Break down every i - dol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see the blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.



Chorus.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



WHOSOEVER WILL.

By per. of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti-dings all the world a-round;

CHORUS.
Spread the joyful news wherev-er man is found: "Whoso-ev-er will, may come," "Who-so-ev-er will,

who-so-ev-er will," Send the procla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther

calls the wand'rer home: "Whoso-ev-er will, may come."

- 2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may,
Jesus is the true, the only living way:
"Whosoever will, may come." *Cho.*
- 3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
"Whosoever will," for ever must endure:
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore:
"Whosoever will, may come." *Cho.*

J. W. S.

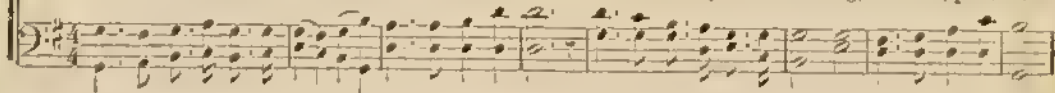
PASS ME NOT.

J. W. SUFFERN, by per.

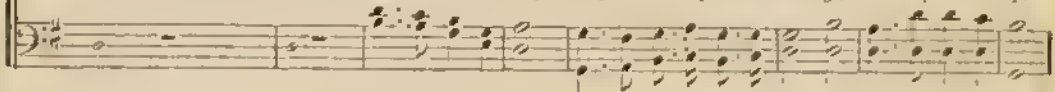
73



1. Pass me not, O loving Saviour, When I call to thee; As for mercy I am pleading, Mercy grant to me.
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour; Low I bend to thee! And for mercy now am calling, Saviour, pardon me.



Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Thou of all most kind; Save me from the great temptations That allure the mind.
 Pass me not, O tender Saviour; Hear my earnest cry; Help me, or I perish striving; Do not pass me by.



REFRAIN.



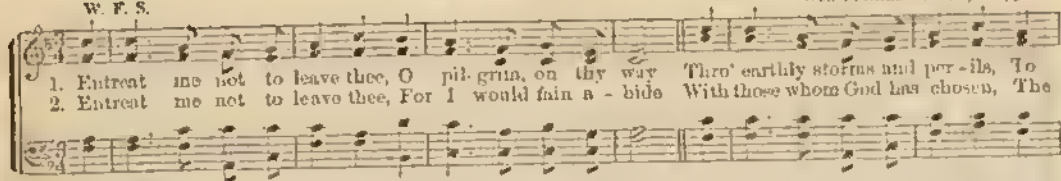
Hear me, hear me, Je-sus, Saviour dear; Hear me as I plead for mer-cy; Oh, be ev-er near.



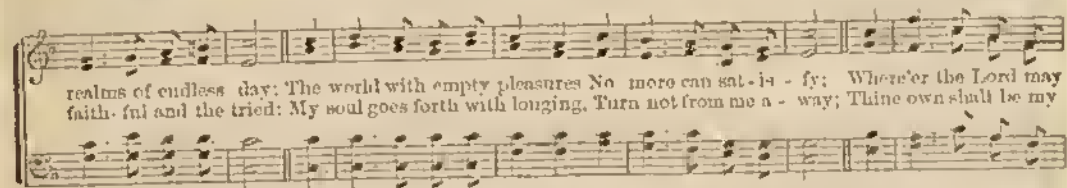
ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1873.



1. Entreat me not to leave thee, O pil-grim, on thy way Thro' earthly storms and per-ils, To
 2. Entreat me not to leave thee, For I would fain a-bide With those whom God has chosen, The

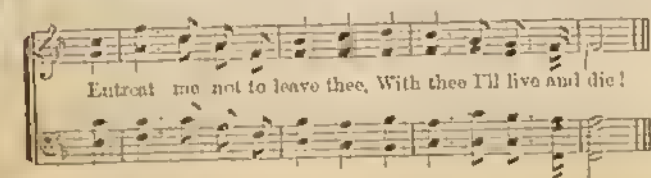


realms of endless day: The world with empty pleasures No more can sat-is-fy: Where'er the Lord may
 faith-ful and the tried: My soul goes forth with longing, Turn not from me a-way; Thine own shall be my

REFRAIN

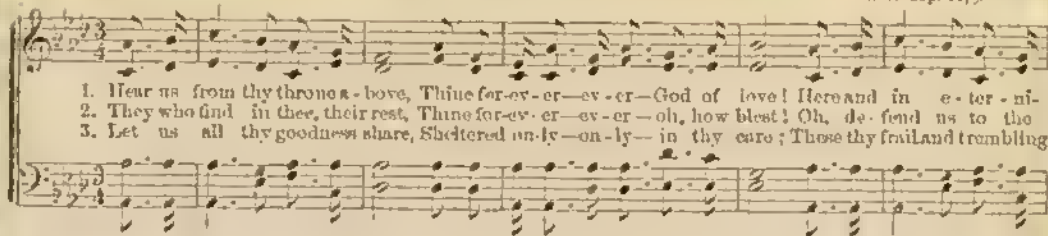


lead thee, With thee I'll live and die, Entreat me not to leave thee, Entreat me not to leave thee,
 peo-ple, Thy God shall be my stay.



Entreat me not to leave thee, With thee I'll live and die!

3 Forget me not, nor leave me,
 O God! for I would rest
 Within the arms of Jesus,
 And on his loving breast:
 With him to go rejoicing
 Through conflict, toil, and strife;
 To walk the vale of shadows,
 And enter into life! *Refr.*



1. Hear us from thy throne a - bove, Thine for-ev-er-ev-er—God of love! Here and in e-ter-ni-
 2. They who find in thee, their rest, Thine for-ev-er-ev-er—oh, how blest! Oh, de-fend us to the
 3. Let us all thy goodness share, Sheltered on-ly—on-ly—in thy care; Those thy frail and trembling

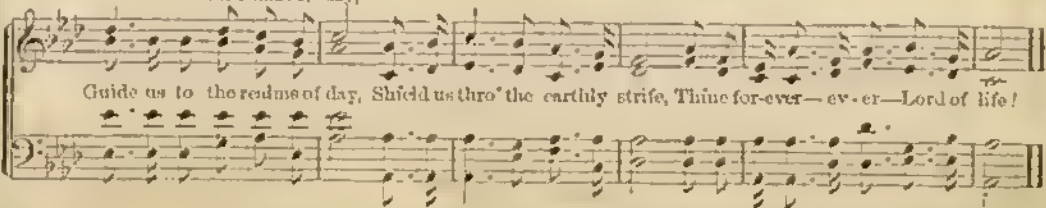
REFRAIN:
 Show the way! Show the way! Guide us



ty. Thine for-ev-er-ev-er—may we be.
 end, Guardian Saviour—Saviour—heavenly Friend!
 sleep, Thine for-ev-er-ev-er—Saviour, keep!

Show the way! Show the way!

to the realms of day,



Guide us to the realms of day, Shield us thro' the earthly strife, Thine for-ever—ev-er—Lord of life!

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

T. E. PERKINS, Cop. 1866.

1. What means this eager, unobscured throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
 2. These wondrous gatherings day by day! What means this strange commotion—[*Choir.*]
 Who is this Jesus? Why should he The city murmur raise high-tide by!
 A passing stranger, has he skill To move the multitudes—[*Choir.*.....] tude at will! Again the stirring

throne re-ply: "Je- sus of Naz- a- reth passeth by;" In accents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je- sus of
 tones re-ply: "Je- sus of Naz- a- reth passeth by;" A- gain the stirring tones re- ply: "Je- sus of

Naz- a- reth passeth by,"
 Naz- a- reth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once led
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
 And burdened hearts, whoever be came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
 Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! Fruit place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace,
 He pauses at our threshold—nay,
 He enters—condemns to slay,
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Not all ye heavy-laden, come!
 Here's a parson, comfort, rest, and home;
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
 Ye return, arise at his paternal grace,
 Ye trampled, there's a refuge nigh;
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
 And all his wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will he sadly from you turn
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

1. O Je-sus, we a-dore thee, Up-on the cross, our King ;
 We bow our hearts be-fore thee ; Thy gra-cious Name we sing ; That Name hath brought sal-vation,
 2. Ah, Lord, our sins ar-raigned thee ; And wailed thee to the tree ; O glo-ri-ous King, we bless thee,
 3. Our pride, O Lord, dis-dained thee ; Yet deign our hope to be- Thy wounds, thy grief be-hold-ing, With thee, O Lord, we grieve. Lord, grant to us re-mis-sion ;
 Thee in our hearts en-fold-ing, Our hearts thy wound's re-ceive ;

That Name, in life our stay ; Our peace, our con-so-la-tion When life shall fail a-way,
 No long-er pass thee by ; O Je-sus, we con-fess thee, Our Lord enthroned on high,
 Life through thy death re-store ; Yea, grant us the fru-ition Of life for ev-er-more.

SECOND HYMN.

- 1 O RACHED Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed
 Now scornfully surrounded (down ;
 With thorns, thy only crown ;
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was thine !
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 What thou, my Lord ! hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain ;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain !
 Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !
 'Tis I deserve thy place ;
 Look on me with thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 Be near when I am dying ;
 Oh, show thy cross to me,
 And for my sinner flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free.
 These eyes new faith receiving,
 Front Jesus shall not move ;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely, through thy love.

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

MR. INDIA C. BAXTER.

T. E. PERKINS, Cop. 1869.

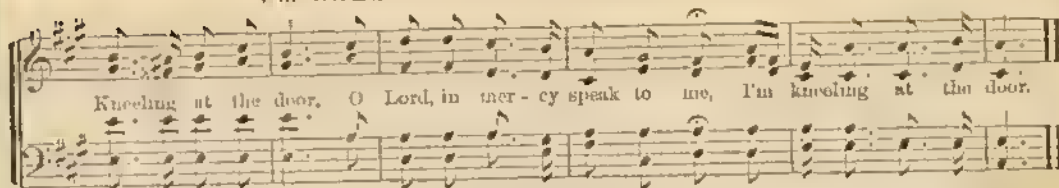
1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling hope and fear : I've wait - ed long, and
 2. None ev - er emp - ty turned a - way, Who tru - ly sought thy face : And I, my Sav - iour,

still I wait Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in
 come to - day. To seek thy pardoning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea : This can my soul re -

store : O Lord, in mer - cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door.
 store :

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR. *Concluded.*

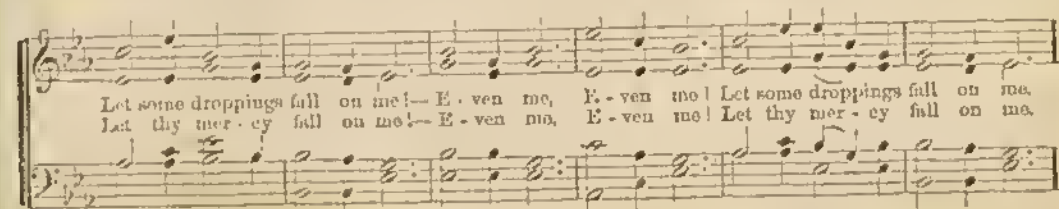
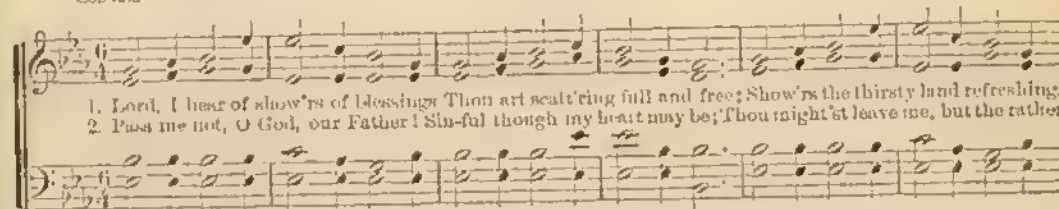
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CORNER.

EVEN ME.

T. F. PERKINS. Cop. 1858.



2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee!
For I'm longing for thy favor,
While thou'rt calling, call on me
Even me, Even me! While thou'rt, &c.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me, Even me! Speak some word, &c.

5 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me, Even me! Magnify, &c.

FIRST HYMN.

I WILL SING.



- 1 I will sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me;
And all along thy pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

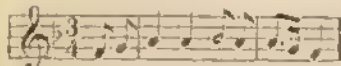
Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story,
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

- 2 Can there ever take me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?

- 3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

SECOND HYMN.

LITTLE CHILDREN.



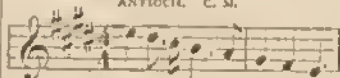
- 1 Little children, come to Jesus;
Hear him saying, "Come to me,"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary!
Little souls were made to serve him,
All his holy law fulfill,
Little hearts were made to love him,
Little hands to do his will.

CHORUS.

- Little children come to Jesus;
Hear him saying, "Come to me,"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary.
- 2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heavens above;
Little ears to hear the story,
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing his praises,
Little feet to walk his ways;
Little bodies to be temples,
Where the Holy Spirit stays. *Cho.*
- 3 There are little crowns in heaven,
There are little harps of gold;
There are little shining dresses,
There are gems and joys untold;
Jesus gave his blood to buy them;
He has bought enough for all,
Little children, come to Jesus,
He has love for great and small. *Cho.*

THIRD HYMN.

ANTICIP. C. M.



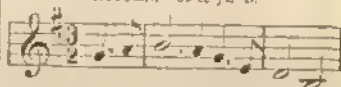
- 1 Joy to the world,—the Lord is come;
Let earth rejoice her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains]
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infect the tree.

He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and
And makes the millions prove [grace,
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

FOURTH HYMN.

ANTICIP. 8s & 7s D.



- 1 Saviour, King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in first communion,
Join to crav's thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayers ascend as thou;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening asserblies.
- 2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of bliss—
Oft have cheered us on our way; sing,
By thy power and grace increasing,
We continue to this day.
Raise us then with glad exultation,
Thankful lays; and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!
- 3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness a reviving,

THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

81

CALLER'S FISK.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I stand all be-wildered with wonder, And gaze on the o - cean of love; And o-ver its waves to my
 2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, — The blessing that setteth me free; But when I had ceased from my
 3. The Prince of my Peace is now passing. The light of his face is on me; But listen, be-lov-ed, he

CHORUS.

spir-it. Comes peace like a heav-en-ly dove. The cross now covers my sins; The past is un-der the
 struggles, His peace Jesus gave un-to me.
 speaketh:—"My peace I will give unto thee."

blood; I am trusting in Je-sus in all, My will is the will of my God.

CALLING NOW.

From "GOSPEL SONGS," by P. P. Bliss.

By per. of JOHN Church & Co.
REFRAIN.

1. This loving Saviour stands pa-tient-ly; Tho' oft re-ject-ed, Calls again for thee. Calling now for
2. Oh, boundless mercy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er-ror, Heed the tender call.
3. Tho' all unworthy, Come, now, come home—Say, while he's waiting, 'Jesus, dear, I come.'

thee, prod-i-gal, Calling now for thee; Thou hast wandered far away, But he's calling now for thee.

MY FATHER, GOD, TO THEE.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1864.

1. My Father, God, to thee, On reverent bend-ed knee, To thee I bow; To thee my prayer I raise, To thee my

2. Weary and weak I come,
Still seeking through the gloom
To see thy face;
O Father, hear my plea,
And take me nearer thee,
And let thy bosom be
My resting place.

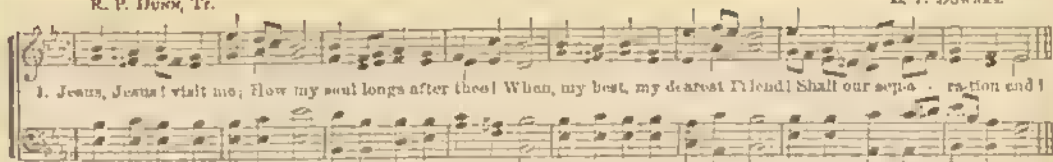
3. My path is wrapt in cloud,
This world is cold and proud,
And shadows come;
But yet I trust in thee,
That o'er life's troubled sea,
To where the righteous be,
Thou'lt lead me home.

JESUS, VISIT ME!

83

R. P. DUNK, Tr.

L. T. DOWNES.



1. Jesus, Jesus! visit me; How my soul longs after thee! When, my best, my dearest Friend! Shall our separation end!

2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

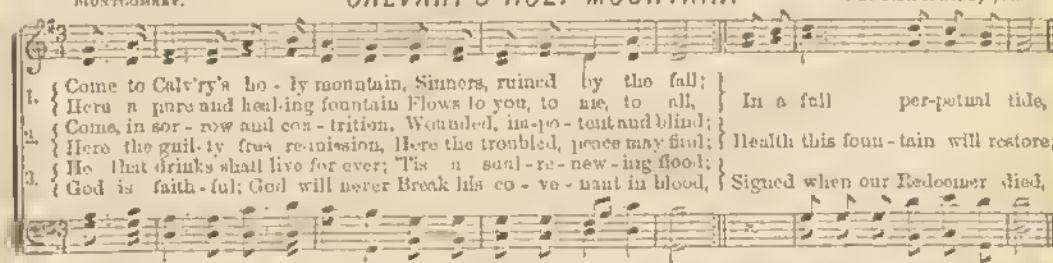
3 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour thou, —
To thy sovereign will I bow.

4 Patiently I wait the day;
For this gift alone I pray.
That, when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

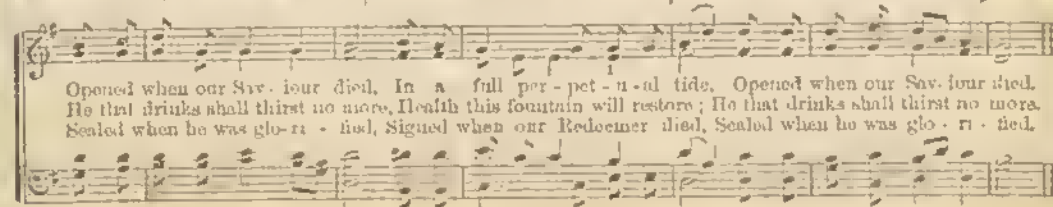
MONTGOMERY.

CALVARY'S HOLY MOUNTAIN.

W. B. FRANKBURY, by per.



1. { Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall; }	In a full per-pet-ual tide,
2. { Here a pure and heal-ing fountain Flows to me, to all, }	Health this foun-tain will restore;
3. { Come, in sor - row and con - trition, Wounded, im-po - tent and blind; }	
4. { Here the guilt-y find re-mission, Here the troubled, peace may find; }	
5. { He that drinks shall live for ever; 'Tis a soul-re-new-ing flood; }	Signed when our Redeemer died,
6. { God is faith-ful; God will never Break his co - ve - nant in blood, }	



Opened when our Sav - iour died, In a full per - pet - u - al tide, Opened when our Sav - iour died,
He that drinks shall thirst no more, Health this fountain will restore; He that drinks shall thirst no more,
Sealed when he was glo - ri - fied, Signed when our Redeemer died, Sealed when he was glo - ri - fied.

R. A. SEABLES.

ASA FULL, copy.

1. My foot is on the threshold, My hand is on the latch; My heart is rent with sorrow. Oh! do not turn me

back. { I've come a wea-ry dis-tance, Long miles of grief and sin; } Oh! wilt thou let me in?
 { Come sorely pressed and lad-en, [Omit.....] }

Chorus.
 Let me in,.... Oh! wilt thou let me in?..... I've come a wea-ry dis-tance, Oh! wilt thou let me in?
 Let me in, Let me in,

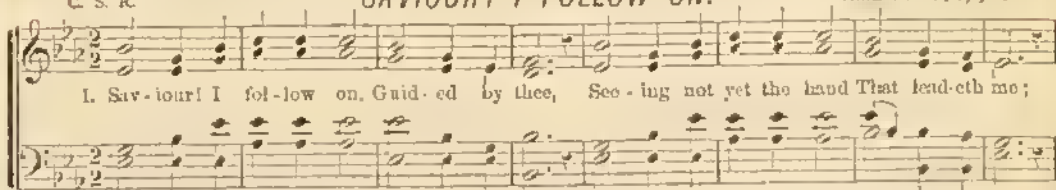
2 My hands hang limp and nerveless,
My burden to remove;
My feeble knees are shaking, —
Open, and show thy love.
My eyes are dim with watching
To catch a glimpse within;
My heavy ear is aching
To hear thee say, "Come in."

3 Oh, haste! unlatch, I pray thee!
I trust thy gracious word,
"To him that knocks I'll open!"
Thou true and faithful Lord.
The latch turns on the promise,
The door on hinge of gold;
Oh, wondrous grace and glory!
The half laid not been told.

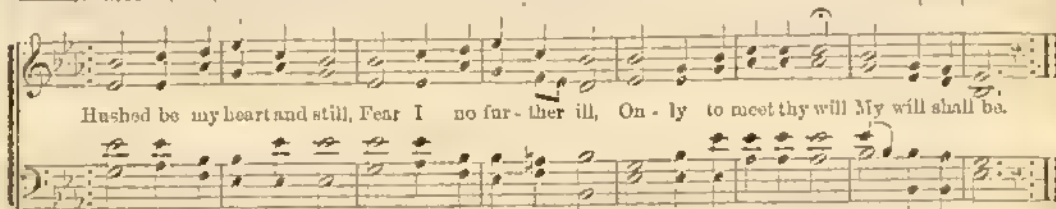
C. S. R.

SAVIOUR! I FOLLOW ON.

KARL REIDEN, *by per.*



1. Sav-iour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee, See-ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;



Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no far-ther ill, On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

2 Given the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
||: Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!" :||

3 Often to Manah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
||: And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught. :||

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Close with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
||: Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me! :||

LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

H. WHITARD, by per.

1. { Lo! he's knocking at every heart.—Let the Saviour in! } { He is waiting beside your door, } Your sweet welcome he
 { Shall we tell him he must depart?—Let the Saviour in! } { He is pleading for-ev-er-more! }

doth implore.—Let the Saviour in!

2.
 Would ye turn him in grief away!
 Let the Saviour in!
 Sister, brother, do not delay.—
 Let the Saviour in!
 He is mighty to save and keep!
 He will comfort the eyes that weep!
 In his presence how sweet our sleep!
 Let the Saviour in!

3.
 Take him fondly unto your breast,—
 Let the Saviour in!
 He will give to the weary rest,—
 Let the Saviour in!
 Shall his name be heard in vain?
 Shall we turn him away again?
 Ye who linger in doubt and pain,
 Let the Saviour in!

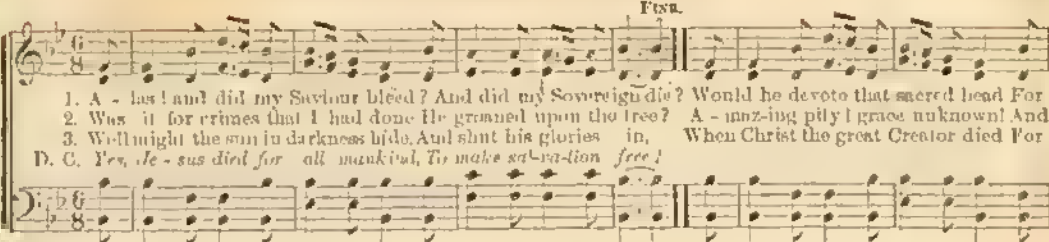
YET THERE IS ROOM.

REV. H. HONAR, D. D.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song
 With its fair glory beckons thee along;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.

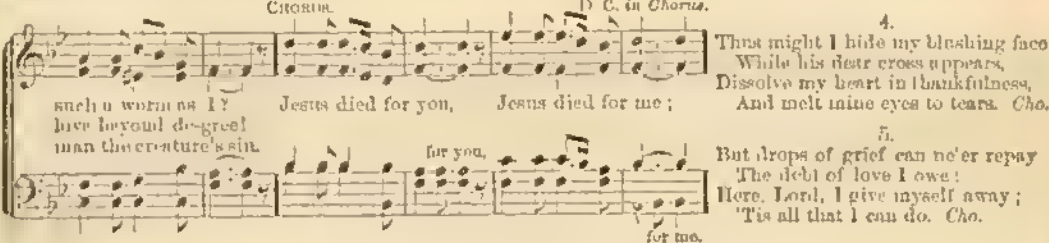
First.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groined upon the tree? A - maz-ing pity I grace unknown! And
 3. Well-nigh the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ the great Creator died For
 D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, To make sal - va - tion free!

Chorus.

D. C. in Chorus.



such a worm as I? Jesus died for you, Jesus died for me;
 live beyond de-gree! And melt mine eyes to tears. Cho.
 man the creature's sin.
 for you, But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'Tis all that I can do. Cho.
 for me.

YET THERE IS ROOM. *Concluded.*

- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
 Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
 Make haste, make haste; 'Tis not too full for thee;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
 The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

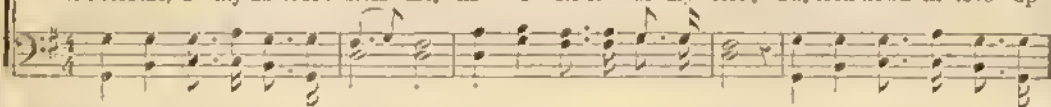
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
 That cup of everlasting life is free;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
 Come, lingerer, come; enter the feast hall;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom,
 Then the last, low, long cry—"No room, no room!"
 No room, no room!—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

SITTING AT JESUS' FEET.

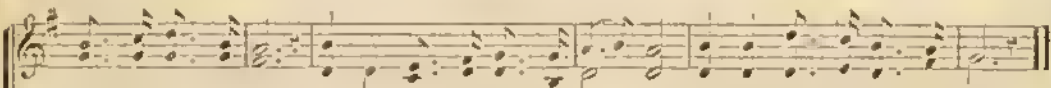
T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.



1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear him say! Happy place! so near, so
 2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest? There I lay my sins and
 3. Bless me, O my Saviour! Bless me, As I sit low at thy feet; Oh, look down in love up -



pre - cious! May it find me there each day! Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would
 sor - rows, And when wea - ry, find sweet rest; Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I
 on me; Let me see thy face so sweet. Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me



look upon the past; For his love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.
 love to weep and pray While I from his full - ness gath - er Grace and comfort eve - ry day
 ho - ly as he is; May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righteous - ness!

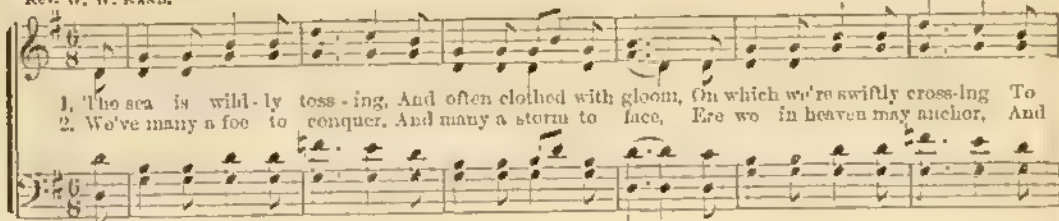


OVER THE SEA.

89

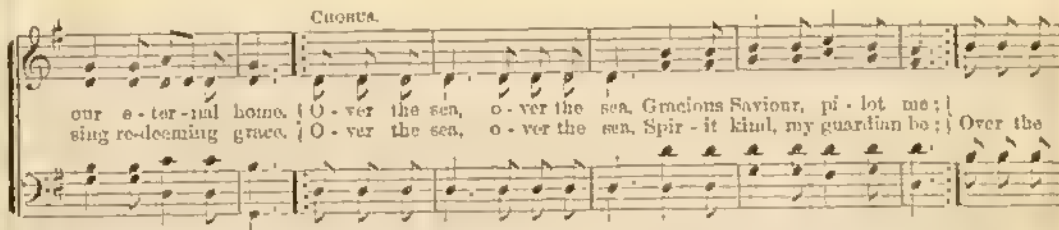
Rev. W. W. RAND.

Arr. Rev. H. KINGSBURY, by per.

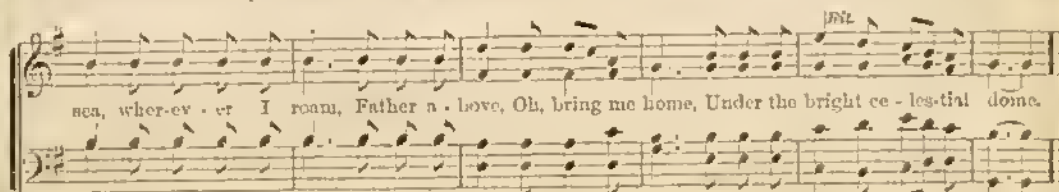


1. The sea is wild-ly toss-ing, And often clothed with gloom, On which we're swiftly cross-ing To
2. We've many a foe to conquer, And many a storm to face, Ere we in heaven may anchor, And

CHORUS.



our e - ter-nal home, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Gracious Saviour, pi - lot me;
sing re-deem-ing grace, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Spir - it kind, my guardian be; Over the



sea, wher-ev - er I roam, Father a - love, Oh, bring me home, Under the bright ce - les-tial dome.

3 Though nature in commotion
Defy our power and skill,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
And bids the winds be still. *Cho.*

4 Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trusting heart. *Cho.*

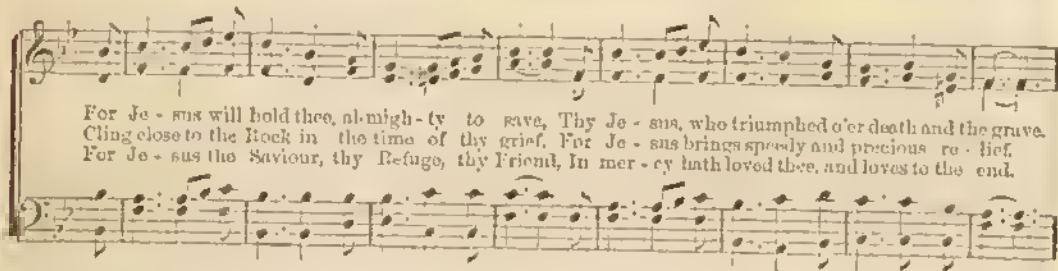
5 We'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
Victorious in the strife. *Cho.*

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

T. E. PERRINS, Copr. 1870.

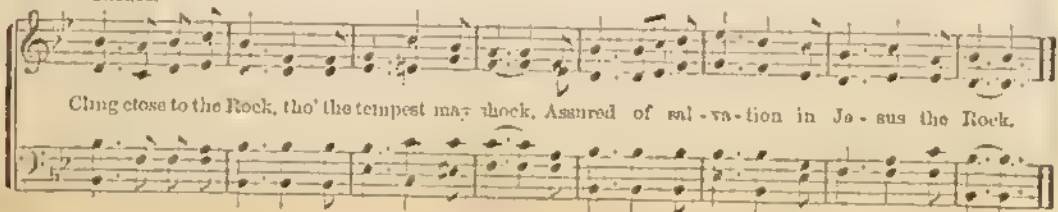


1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near; Cling close to thy Saviour, and doubt not, nor fear;
 2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to-day, Ere waves of tempta-tion shall sweep thee a-way;
 3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage and tho' billows may shock;



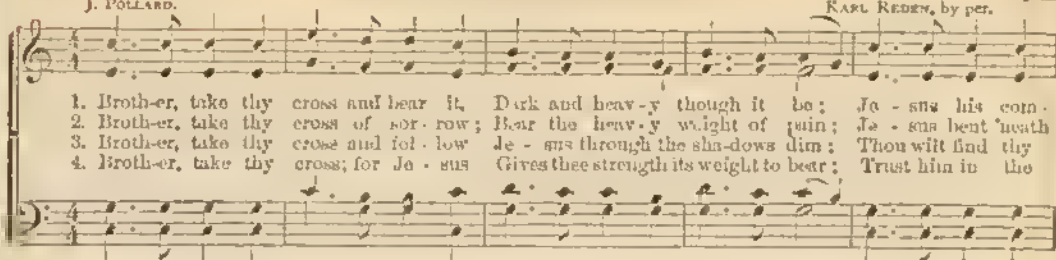
For Je - sus will hold thee, al-migh-ty to save, Thy Je - sus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave.
 Cling close to the Rock in the time of thy grief, For Je - sus brings speedily and precious re - lief.
 For Je - sus the Saviour, thy Refuge, thy Friend, In mer - cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

CHORUS.

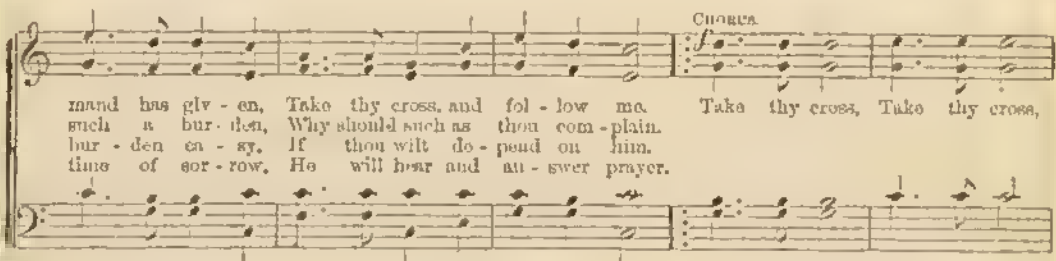


Cling close to the Rock, tho' the tempest may shock, Assured of sal - va - tion in Je - sus the Rock.

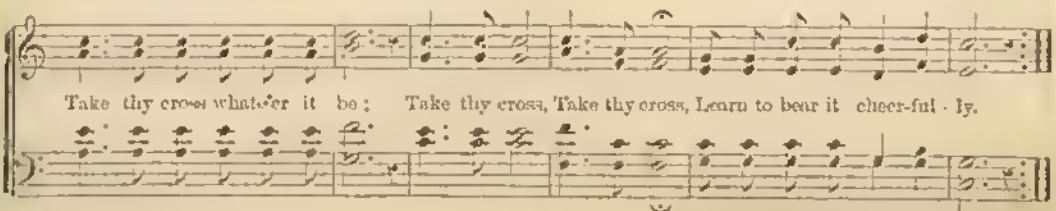
TAKE THY CROSS.



1. Broth-er, take thy cross and bear it; Dark and heav-y though it be; Je - sus his com-
 2. Broth-er, take thy cross of sor-row; Bear the heav-y weight of pain; Je - sus bent 'neath
 3. Broth-er, take thy cross and fol-low Je - sus through the sha-dows dim; Thou wilt find thy
 4. Broth-er, take thy cross; for Je - sus Gives thee strength its weight to bear; Trust him in the



maund has giv-en, Take thy cross, and fol-low me. Take thy cross, Take thy cross,
 such a bur-den, Why should such as thou com-plain.
 bur-den en-sy. If thou wilt de-pend on him.
 time of sor-row, He will hear and an-swer prayer.



Take thy cross what-ever it be; Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Learn to bear it cheer-ful-ly.

WEARY NOT, MY BROTHER.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1863

1. Wea - ry not, my brother; Cheerful be thy song;
 2. Seek and thou shalt find him, Still in faith believe;
 3. Tri - als may be - fall thee, Thorns beset thy way,
 4. La - bor on, my brother, Thou shalt reap at last

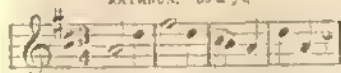
Is thy burden heav - y, And the journey long?
 Call and he will hear thee, Ask him and receive;
 Nev - er mind them, brother, Only watch and pray;
 Fruits of joy e - ter - nal, When thy work is past;

Does the weight oppress thee? Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with patience, Trusting in his word.
 In the darkest mo - ment - In the deepest night, He will give thee comfort, He will give thee light.
 Through the vale of sorrow Once the Saviour trod; Run thy race with patience, Pressing on to God.
 Crowds of shining an - gels View thee from the skies; Run thy race with patience, Yonder is the prize.

CHORUS. *Al.*
 Looking unto Je - sus, He has died for thee; Receive the great salvation, For all, so full, so free.

FIRST HYMN.

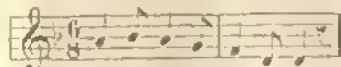
KATHMUN. 8s & 7s.



- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes decline, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiant streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

SECOND HYMN.

NEAR THE CROSS.

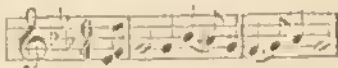


- 1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
Thou a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
- CHORUS.
In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my captivated soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.
- 2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me. *Cho.*
- 3 Near the Cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its accents before me;

Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

THIRD HYMN.

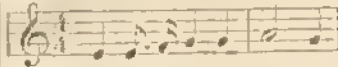
WOODWORTH. L. M.



- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, I put,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

FOURTH HYMN.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

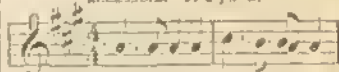


- 1 Tell me the old, old story
Of ancient things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
- Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
- REF.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
- Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon. *Ref.*
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
- Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me. *Ref.*

FIFTH HYMN.

BLESSIDE. 8s & 7s. D.

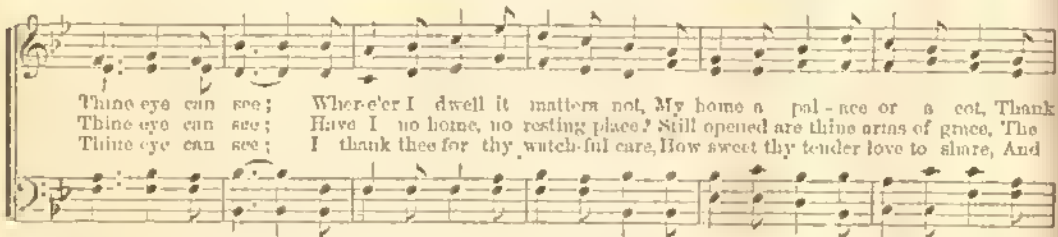


- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, my Jesus, art to me.
- Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
Guilt and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left me Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks decline me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
- Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

THINE EYE CAN SEE

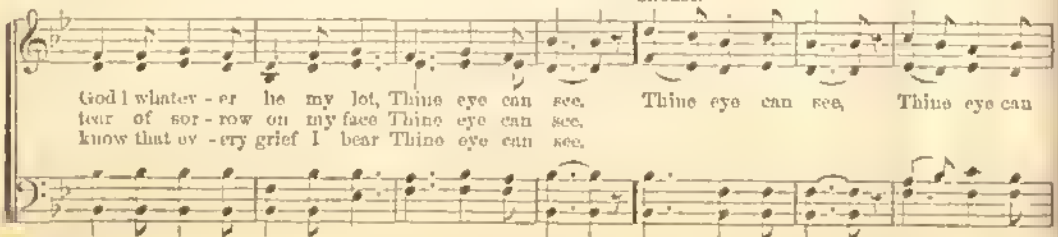


1. Dear Saviour, all I think or do Thine eye can see; My ma - ny wants, my tri - als too,
 2. Do clouds obscure my morning sun? Thine eye can see; Do friends forsake me one by one?
 3. When evening shadows o'er me creep, Thine eye can see; When on my pil - low calm I sleep,

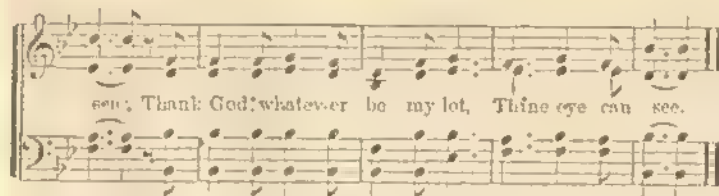


Thine eye can see; Where'er I dwell it matters not, My home a pal - ace or a cot, Thank
 Thine eye can see; Have I no home, no resting place? Still opened are thine arms of grace, 'The
 Thine eye can see; I thank thee for thy watch - ful care, How sweet thy tender love to share, And

CHORUS.



God! whatev - er be my lot, Thine eye can see. Thine eye can see, Thine eye can
 fear of sor - row on my face Thine eye can see,
 know that ev - ery grief I bear Thine eye can see.

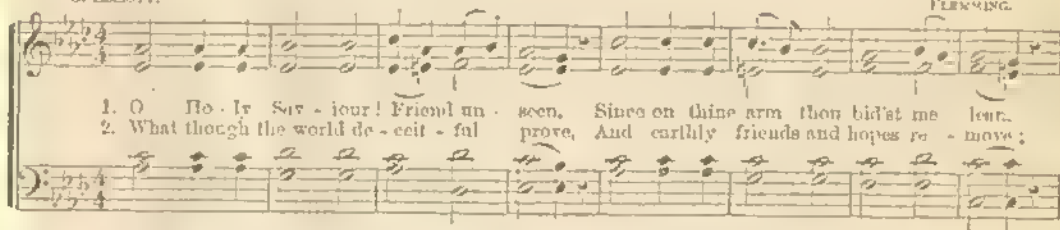


4 If I will serve thee day by day,
Thine eye can see;
If from thy pleasant paths I stray,
'Thine eye can see;
Oh, take my heart, thy will subdue,
And may I ever leap in view,
That all I think and all I do
'Thine eye can see.

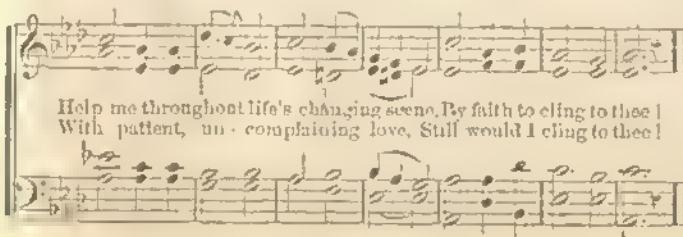
I CLING TO THEE.

C. ELLIOTT.

PLEASING.



1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean.
2. What though the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re - move;

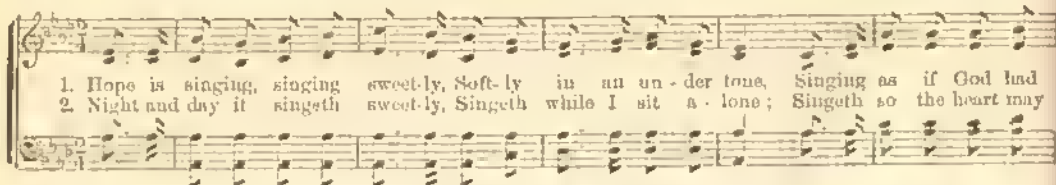


Help me throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!
With patient, un - complaining love, Still would I cling to thee!

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'er-
grown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers "Cling to me!"
4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON.

Wm. W. BRATTLE, by per.

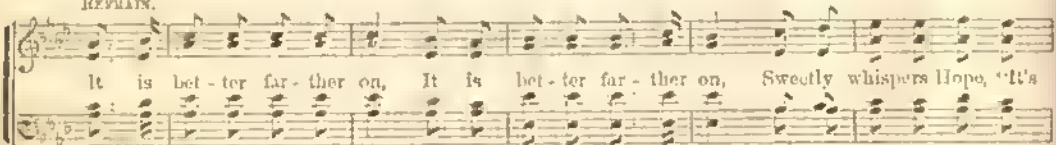


1. Hope is singing, singing sweet-ly, Soft-ly in an un-der tone, Singing as if God had
 2. Night and day it singeth sweet-ly, Singeth while I sit a-lone; Singeth so the heart may

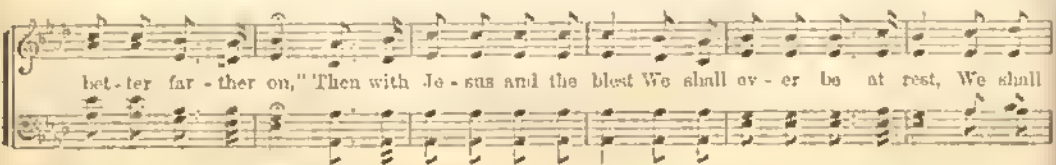


taught it "It is better farther on," Singing as if God had taught it, "It is bet-ter farther on,"
 hear it, "It is bet-ter farther on," Singeth so the heart may hear it, "It is bet-ter farther on."

REMAIN.



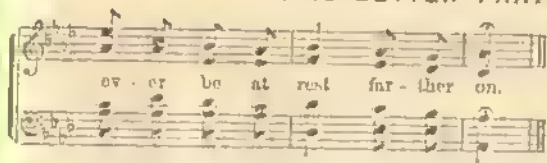
It is bet-ter far-ther on, It is bet-ter far-ther on, Sweetly whispers Hope, "It's



bet-ter far-ther on," Then with Je-sus and the blest We shall ev-er be at rest, We shall

IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON. *Concluded.*

97

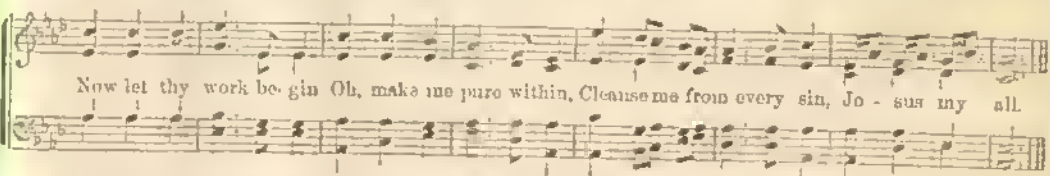


3 Farther on, oh, how much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one?
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on."
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on." *Ref.*

JESUS, MY ALL.

FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, ARR.



2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Hear thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call;
Oh, how I pine for thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Fire to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4 Still at thy mercy-sent
Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to thee,
'Tis all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrow sometimes how they sweep, Like
 2. Ith, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet, But toiling in life's dusty way, The
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings, or sorrows prevail; Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or

CHORUS.

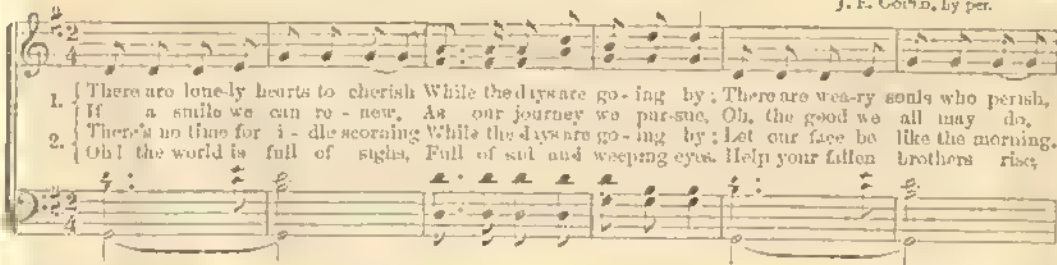
leaps down o'er the sunl. Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than
 Rock's blessed shadow how sweet. Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than
 walking the shadow-y vale. Then, quick to the Rock I can fly, I can fly, To the Rock that is high-er than

I: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
 I: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
 I: Then, quick to the Rock I can fly, I can fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
 higher than I.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

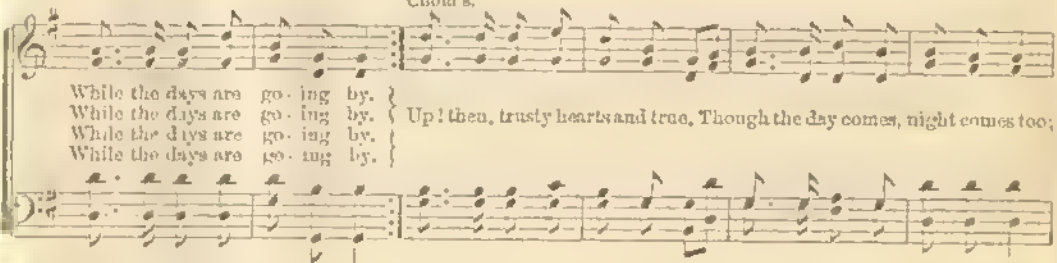
99

J. F. COHEN, ly. per.

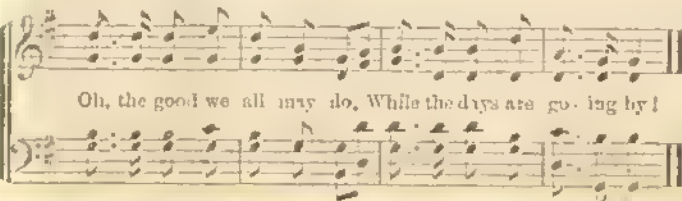


1. { There are lone-ly hearts to cherish While the days are go-ing by : There are wea-ry souls who perish,
If a smile we can re-new, As our journey we pur-sue, Oh, the good we all may do,
2. { There's no time for i-dle scorning While the days are go-ing by : Let our face be like the morning.
Oh! the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes, Help your list'n brothers rise,

Chorus.



While the days are go-ing by. }
While the days are go-ing by. } Up! then, trusty hearts and true, Though the day comes, night comes too;
While the days are go-ing by. }
While the days are go-ing by. }

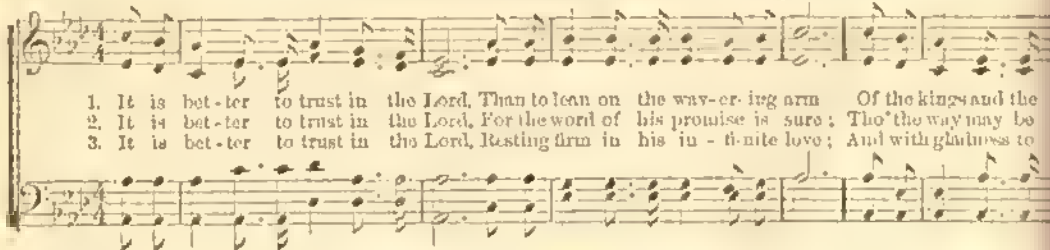


Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by!

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by.
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by :
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by. (Chorus)

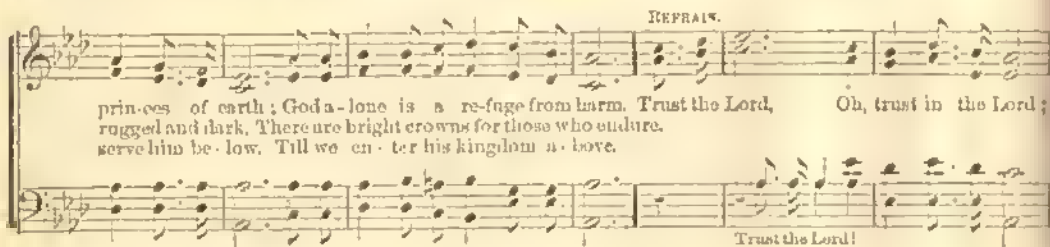
TRUST IN THE LORD.

WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1875.



1. It is bet-ter to trust in the Lord, Than to lean on the way-cr- ing arm Of the kings and the
 2. It is bet-ter to trust in the Lord, For the word of his promise is sure; Tho' the way may be
 3. It is bet-ter to trust in the Lord, Resting firm in his in - ti-nite love; And with gladness to

REFRAIN.



prin-ces of earth; God-a-lone is a re-fuge from harm. Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord;
 rugged and dark, There are bright crowns for those who endure,
 serve him be-low. Till we en-ter his kingdom a-bove.

Trust the Lord!



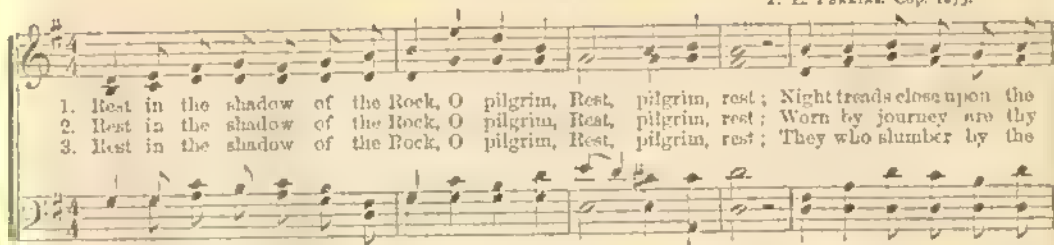
Low at his feet let us fall! Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord, For he is the King o-ver all.

Trust the Lord!

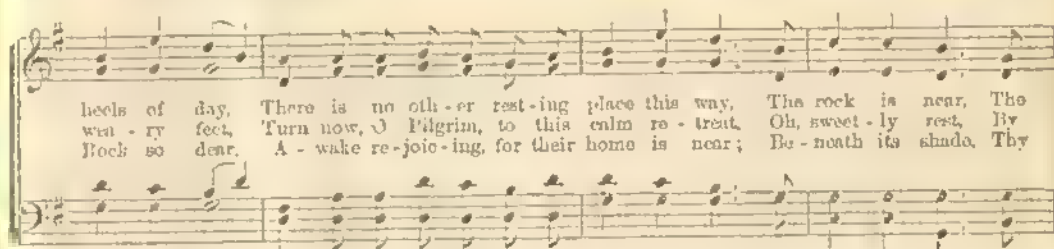
REST, PILGRIM, REST.

101

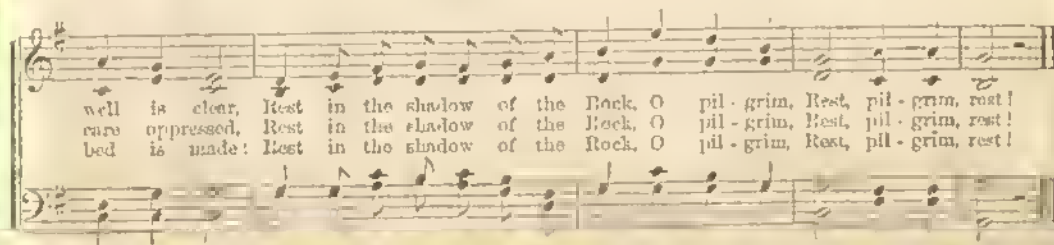
T. E. FERNING, Cop. 1875.



1. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Night treads close upon the
 2. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Worn by journey are thy
 3. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; They who slumber by the



heels of day, There is no oth-er rest-ing place this way, The rock is near, Tho
 wea-ry feet, Turn now, O Pilgrim, to this calm re-treat, Oh, sweet-ly rest, By
 Rock so dear, A-wake re-joice-ing, for their home is near; Be-neath its shado, Thy



well is clear, Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil-grim, Rest, pil-grim, rest!
 care oppressed, Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil-grim, Rest, pil-grim, rest!
 bed is made! Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil-grim, Rest, pil-grim, rest!

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

T. E. PERKINS, Cop. 1868.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Bat-tling for the Lord! E - ter-nal life, our guid-ing star,
 2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Bat-tling for the Lord! Our Cap-tain's word our strength and might,
 3. We'll stand like ho-ros on the field, Bat-tling for the Lord! And in his strength we'll never yield,

CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

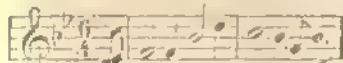
Bat-ting for the Lord! We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
 Bat-ting for the Lord!
 Bat-ting for the Lord!

work till Je-sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

- 4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
 Bat-tling for the Lord!
 Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
 Bat-tling for the Lord!—Cho.
- 5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
 Con-qu'rors through the Lord!
 We'll shout sal-vation evermore,
 Con-qu'rors through the Lord!—Cho.

FIRST HYMN.

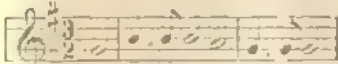
CROSS. C. H.



- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

SECOND HYMN.

ARMISTEY. C. H.

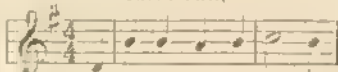


- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
(Or blush to speak his name)?
- 2 Shall I be married to the cross,
On every bed of pain,
While others sought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not fight the good fight?
In this vain world a ground to gain,
To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the fall, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious year
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

THIRD HYMN.

SWEET REST.



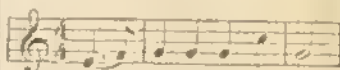
- 1 There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its silent portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can open it,
And open while the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.
- CHORUS.
- There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.
- 2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait.

And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

- 3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey long and winging,
They leave on earth their fears;
Death like an angel cometh;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory becometh—
'Tis life for them to die!

FOURTH HYMN.

LABAN. B. H.



- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it loudly every day,
And help divine aidure.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his best abode.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

Wm. F. Sherwin, Cop. 1874.

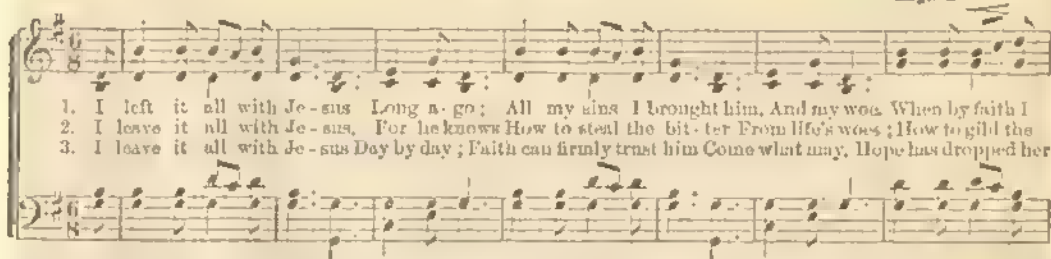
1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the winding path before us, We have naught to fear
Chor. - In the march of life, &c.

with a Sav-iour near, And his ban-ner wav-ing o'er us. If the tempest rise in the

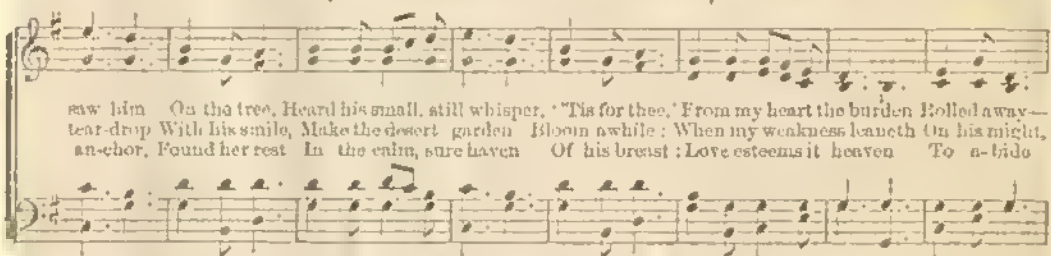
dark'ning skies, We will yield to no re-pi-a-ing; Tho' the storm roar loud, thro' the rift-ed cloud

D. C. CHORUS.
There's a gold-en sun-beam shin-ing.

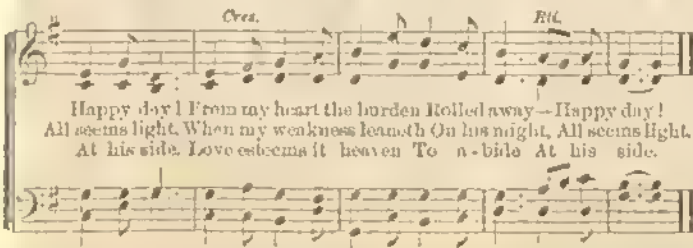
- 2 In the Christian race if we take our place,
We may run and weary never;
Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
Unto Jesus looking ever.
Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer,
He will keep our feet from falling;
We will sure obtain, nor have run in vain
For the prize of God's high calling.
In the march of life, &c.



1. I left it all with Je-sus Long a-go; All my sins I brought him, And my woe. When by faith I
 2. I leave it all with Je-sus, For he knows How to steal the bit-ter From life's woes; How to gild the
 3. I leave it all with Je-sus Day by day; Faith can firmly trust him Come what may, Hope has dropped her



saw him On the tree, Heard his small, still whisper, 'Tis for thee, From my heart the burden Rolled away—
 tear-drop With his smile, Make the desert garden Bloom awhile: When my weakness leanness On his might,
 an-chor, Found her rest In the calm, sure haven Of his breast: Love esteems it heaven To a-bide



Happy day! From my heart the burden Rolled away—Happy day!
 All seems light, When my weakness leanness On his might, All seems light,
 At his side, Love esteems it heaven To a-bide At his side.

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
 Drooping soul!
 Tell not half thy story,
 But the whole,
 Worlds on worlds are hanging
 On his hand,
 Life and death are waiting
 His command;
 Yet his tender bosom
 Makes thee room—Oh, come home!

1. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he sat beside the sea; Where the waves were only murmur'ing on the

strand; When he sat within the boat on the silver wave aloft Where he taught the waiting people on the land.

Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea; Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I

love the precious Word, Which he spake to them that heard, While he taught the waiting people by the sea.

JESUS BY THE SEA. Concluded.

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2 Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea;
When the waves were rolling fearfully and grand;
How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of
his will,
While he brought his loyal disciples safe to land.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
How he walked upon the wave,
His beloved ones to save,
While he brought them safely o'er the stormy sea.

3 Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside the sea;
Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore;
How he bade them follow him and forsake the paths of
sin,
And to be his true disciples evermore.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
And I long to leave my all,
At my dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.

COME UNTO ME.

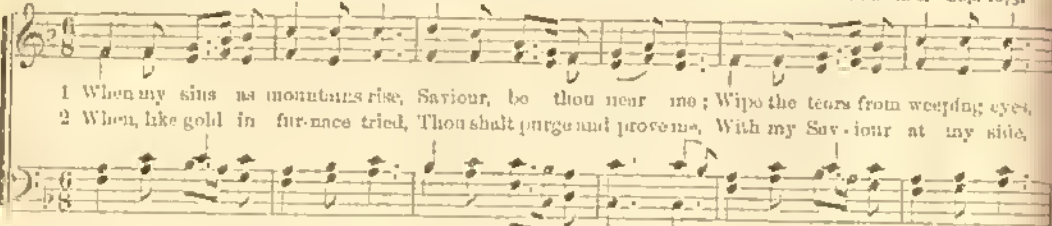
MEREDITHSON.

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly path - er, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
4. There, like an E - den blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;

Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Fa - ther; Come un - to me, and I will give you rest,
When the loved sleep, in brighter homes to awak - en, Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn,
Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

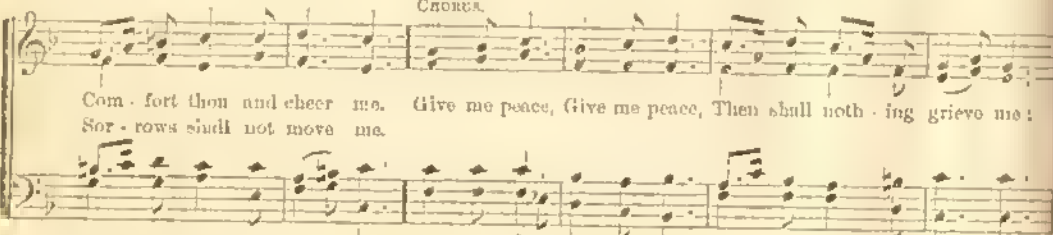
I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.

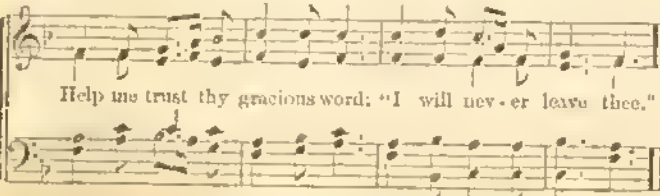


1 When my sins as mountains rise, Saviour, be thou near me; Wipe the tears from weeping eyes,
2 When, like gold in furnace tried, Thou shalt purgen and prove me, With my Sav- iour at my side,

CHORUS.



Com- fort thou and cheer me. Give me peace, Give me peace, Then shall noth- ing grieve me :
Sor- rows shall not move me.

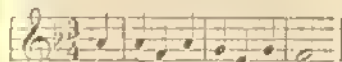


Help me trust thy gracious word: "I will nev- er leave thee."

3.
When I tread the vale of death,
Let not fears confound me :
May I yield my dying breath,
With thine arms around me. Cho.

FIRST HYMN.

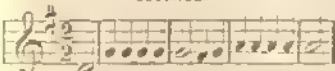
DEBORAH. R. M.



- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears attention up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind!
Haste to your heavenly Father's
throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day,
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

SECOND HYMN.

COURAGE.



- 1 Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

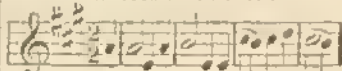
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

- 2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin. *Cho.*

- 3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land. *Cho.*

THIRD HYMN.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 114.



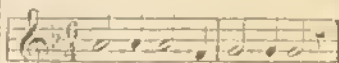
- 1 How firm a foundation, ye angels of
the Lord! [word]
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
What more can he say, than to you he
hath said. [soul]
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not
dismayed. [aid]
For I am thy God, I will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand, [hand]
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent

- 3 "When through the deep waters I
call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.

- 4 "The soul that on dreary hath leaned
for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should en-
deavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never for-
sake!"

FOURTH HYMN.

MARKYLL. T. D.



- 1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
'Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven gild;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my lifeless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

BETTER THAN THRONES.

EARL REDEN, by per.

1. There's nothing sweeter than the thought, That I may see the Lord, If I but seek him as I
 2. Once in his arms the Saviour took Young children just like me, And blessed them with a voice and
 3. And though to heaven the Lord hath gone, And seems so far a - way, He hath a smile for ev - ery

CHORUS.

cres.

ought, And love his work and word. I'd rath - er be the least of them That are the Lord's a -
 look, As kind as kind could be. I'd rath - er be the least of them That shared that look and
 one That doth his voice o - bey. I'd rath - er be the least of them That he will bless and

dim.

dim.

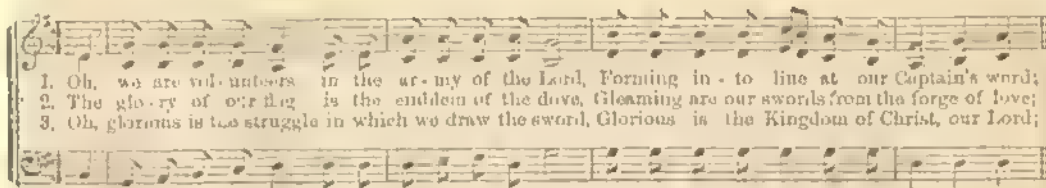
lone, Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne
 lone, Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.
 own, Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.

OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

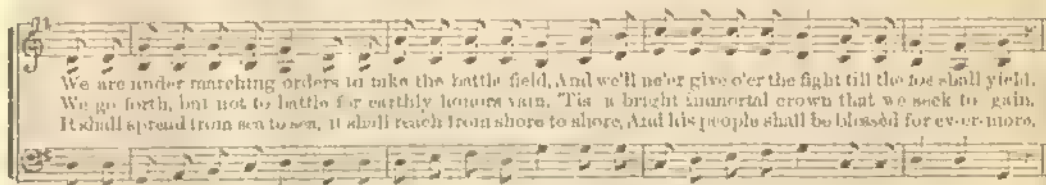
111

From "SILVER CHIME."

Geo. F. Root. Cop. 1862.

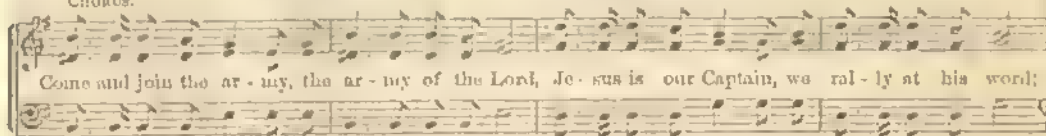


1. Oh, we are vol-un-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Cap-tain's word;
 2. The glo-ry of our flag is the em-bem of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
 3. Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;

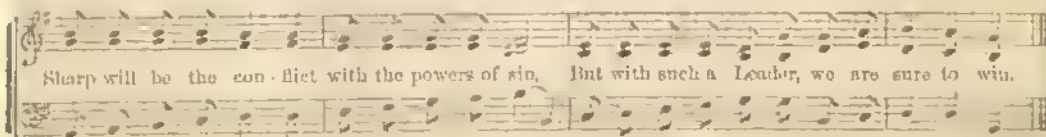


We are under marching orders to take the battle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
 We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honours vain, 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.
 It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore, And his people shall be blessed for ever more.

CHORUS.



Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Cap-tain, we ral-ly at his word;



Sharp will be the con-flict with the powers of sin, But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

TAKE THY STAFF, O PILGRIM.

KARL REDEM, by per.

Overfully.

1. Take thy staff, O pilgrim! Haste thee on thy way: Let the morrow find thee Farther than to-day.
2. In the heav'nly journey, Press with zeal a-long.— Resting will but wea-ry, Running make thee strong.
3. Haste, it hath been told thee—All things are thine own; Pass the pearly por-tals, Stand before the throne.

If thou seek the cit-y, Of the Golden Street, Pause not on the pathway, Rest not wea-ry feet.
Wings that en-gles ear-ry, Bear them in their flight; So thy burden bears thee—Surely then 'tis light.
Here thy journey end-eth, Here thy staff lay down, En-ter here thy mansion, Here re-ceive thy crown.

CHORUS.

Org.

Then haste, oh, haste thee; pilgrim on thy way! And let the morrow find thee, Still farther than to-day.

RESTING IN JESUS.

113

FAIRY J. CROSBY.

WM. W. BUNTLEY.

1. Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in his dear em - brace, Ev'n to a life e - ter - nal,
2. Trust-ing my all with Je - sus, Why should my faith decline? What if I toil and la - bor,

CHO.—Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in his dear em - brace, Ev'n to a life e - ter - nal,

FINIS.
Saved by re-deem-ing grace, Soon shall I hear their greet-ing, Friends that in days of yore
Wait-ing the har-vest time? What if my path be rug-ged? Je - sus that path hath trod,

Saved by re-deem-ing grace.

D. C.
Sung of the ho - ly cit - y, Longed for the golden shore,
Leav-ing a lamp to guide me Up to the throne of God.

2.
Soon will my sheaves be gathered,
Soon will my work be done;
Then I shall rise triumphant,
Then will my crown be won.
Oh, what a glorious vision
Comes to my raptur'd sight—
Fields of immortal verdure,
Skies of unclouded light. CHO.

LEAD ME ON.

KARL REDEB, by pet.



2.
When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

3.
When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear;
Lead me on!

4.
Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fail or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher;
Lead me on!

5.
Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

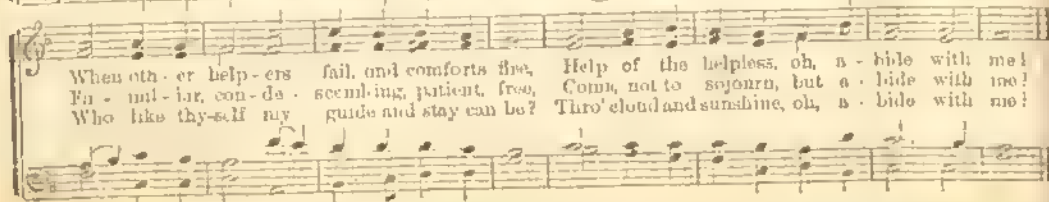
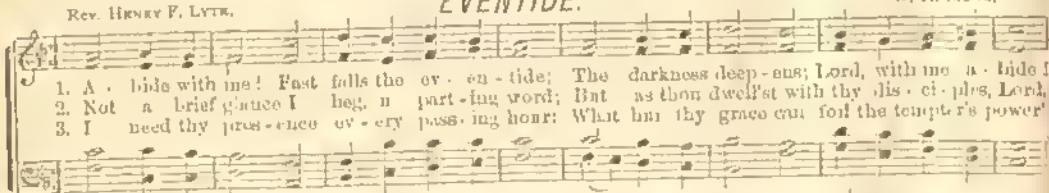
6.
When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

7.
When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

REV. HENRY F. LYTH.

EVENTIDE.

W. H. MONK.




From "The Charm."

THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

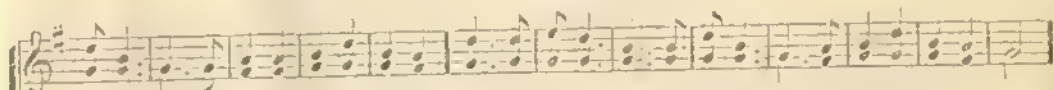
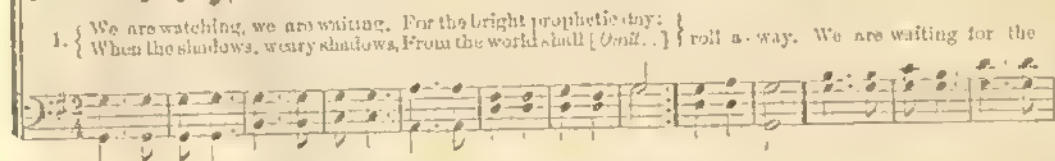
By per. of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

115

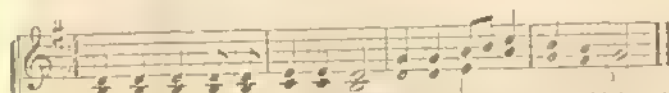
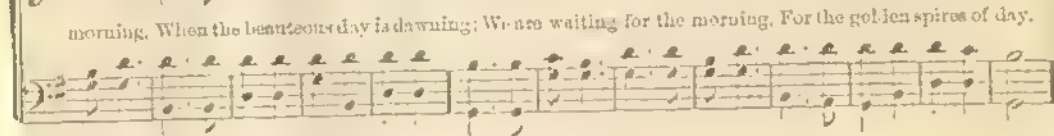
1st. 2d. CHORUS.



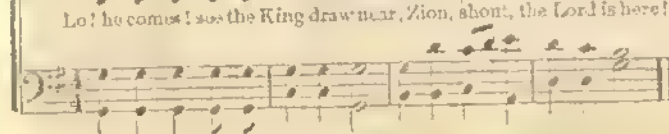
1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day: }
{ When the shadows, weary shadows, From the world shall [Omit...] } roll a-way. We are waiting for the



morning, When the beauteous day is dawning; We are waiting for the morning, For the golden spires of day.



Lo! he comes! see the King draw near, Zion, shout, the Lord is here!



2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away. Cho.

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
Cho.

BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH.

H. MILLARD, by per.

1. Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Joy-fully let us meet him! Lovingly let us
D. C. E - cho his wondrous praises in the sweetest ac - cord! Lo! every valley ringeth, Tidings of joy he

greet him! Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho -
bringer! Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the [See ending of each verse.]

sanna in the highest! Ho - sanna! Ho - sanna! Ho - san - na in the highest! Lord! A - men, A-men.

BLESSED IS HE. *Concluded.*

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- 2 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
 Near we the palms before him!
 Let every heart adore him!
 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
 Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! :||
 Rest to the weary-hearted he hath kindly restored;
 Welcome him in your salutes!
 Welcome the King of gladness!
 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
 Amen! Amen!

- 3 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
 Honor to him forever!
 Thanks unto God the Giver!
 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
 Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! :||
 Sin he hath proudly conquered by the might of his
 Little ones round him bending. [Word!]
 Greet him with praise unending!—
 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
 Amen! Amen!

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss.

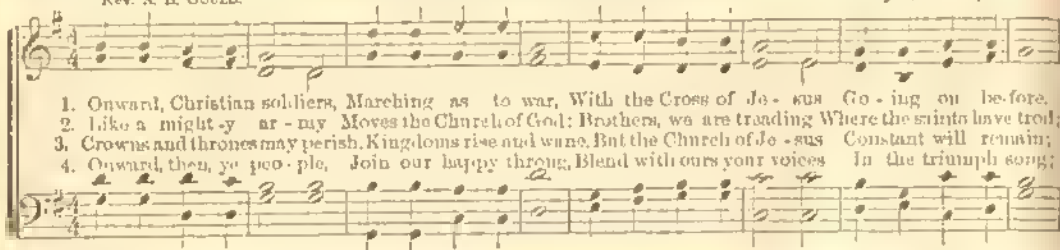
Copyright by John Church & Co.

1. I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
 Tells of his love in the Book he has given;
 Wonder-ful things in the Bi-bles I see,
 This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
 2. Tho' I for-get him and wander a-way,
 Kind-ly he follows wher-ev-er I stray;
 Back to his dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
 When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing,
 When in his beau-ty I see the great King,
 This shall my song in eter-ni-ty be,
 Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me!

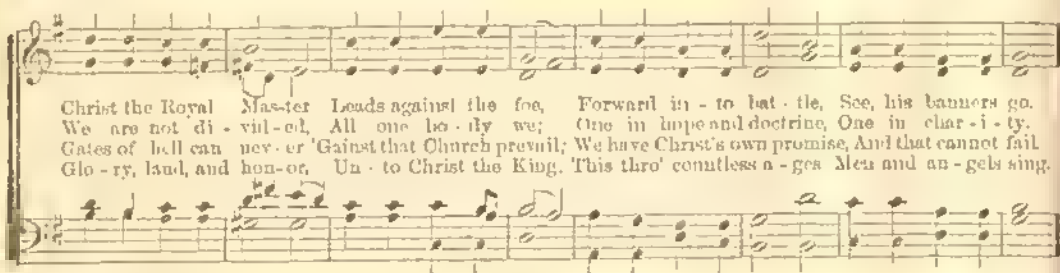
Chorus.
 1st. I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me;
 2d. Je-sus loves e-ven me.

Rev. S. E. GOULD.

JOS. HAYDN, arr.

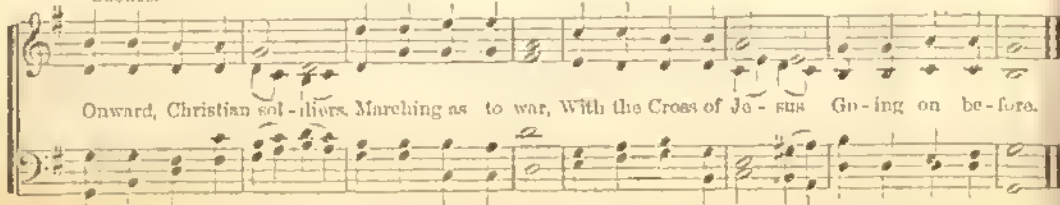


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are trading Where the saints have trod;
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will remain;
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;



Christ the Royal Master Leads against the foe, Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
 We are not di - vil - ed, All one bo - dy we; One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King, 'This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



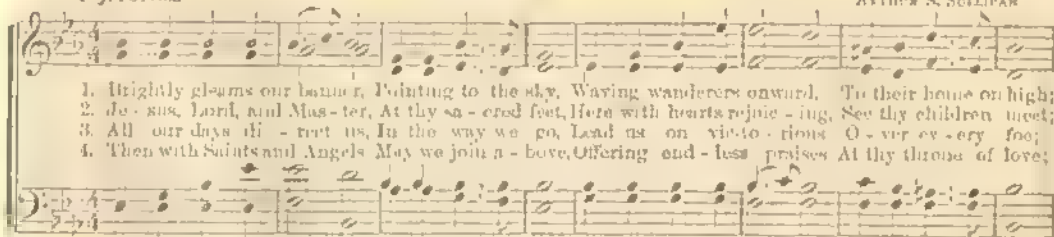
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

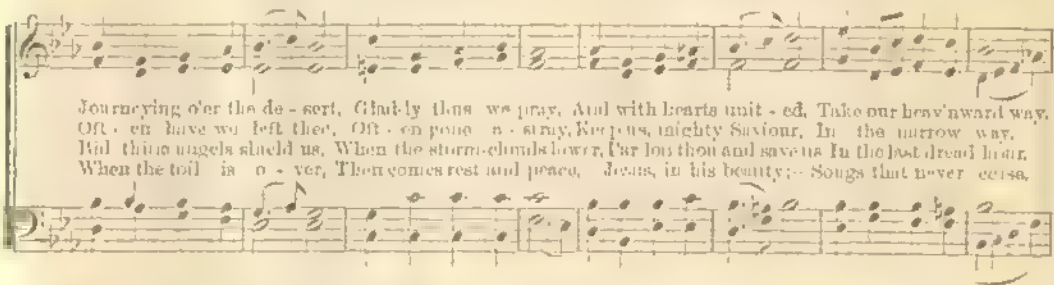
119

T. J. POTTER.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

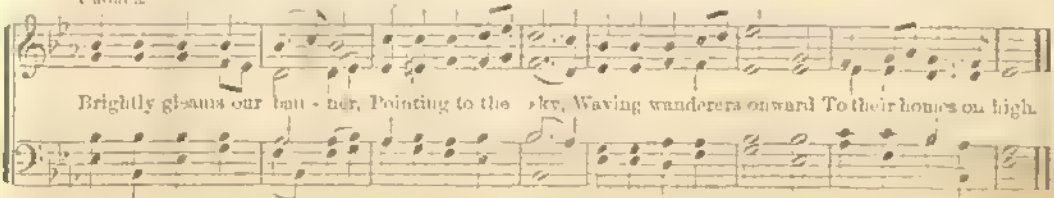


1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward, To their home on high;
 2. Je - sus, Lord, and Mas - ter, At thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts rejoin - ing, See thy children meet;
 3. All our days thi - ret us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - ery foe;
 4. Then with Saints and Angels May we join a - bove, Offering end - less praises At thy throne of love;



Journeying o'er the de - sert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts unit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
 Oft - en have we left thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.
 Bid thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower, For lo! thou and save us In the last dread hour.
 When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace, Jesus, in his beauty, - Songs that never cease.

Chorus.

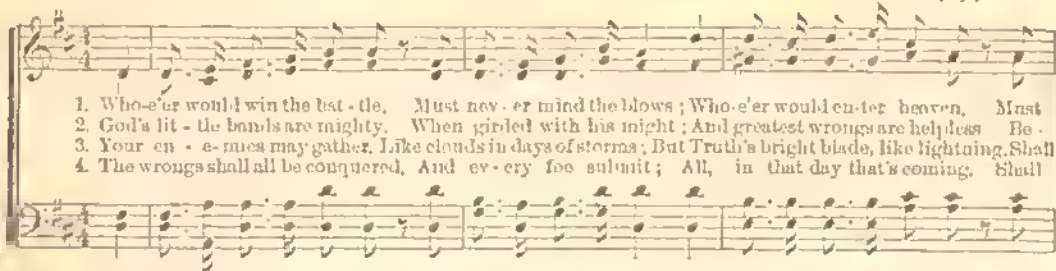


Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward To their homes on high.

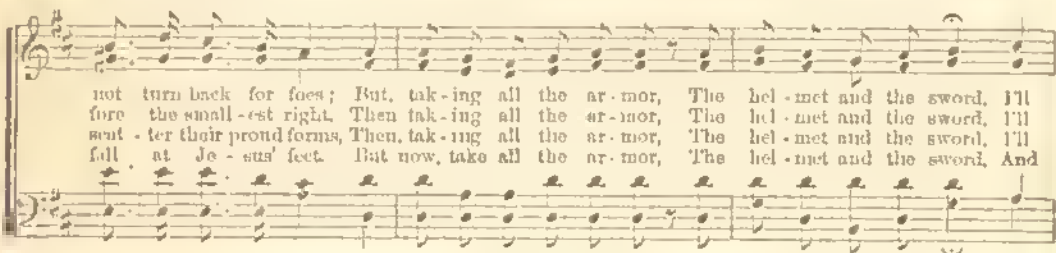
BATTLE FOR THE LORD.

Rev. M. S. SAVAGE.

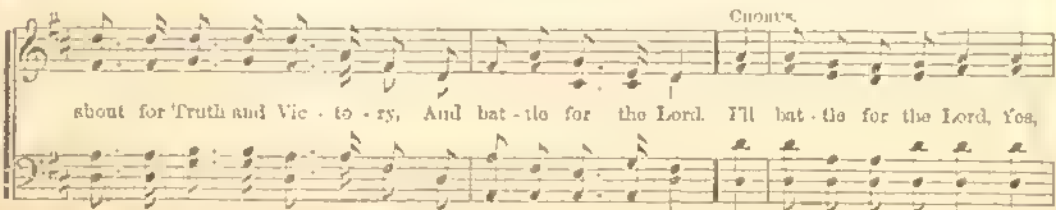
KARL REDEM, by per.



1. Who-e'er would win the bat-tle, Must nev-er mind the blows; Who-e'er would en-ter heav-en, Must
 2. God's lit-tle bands are mighty, When girded with his might; And greatest wrongs are help- less Be-
 3. Your en-e-mies may gather, Like clouds in days of storm; But Truth's bright blade, like lightning, Shall
 4. The wrongs shall all be conquered, And ev-ery foe sub-mit; All, in that day that's com-ing, Shall



not turn back for foes; But, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
 fore the small-est right, Then tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
 sent-er their proud forms, Then, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
 fall at Je-sus' feet. But now, take all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, And



about for Truth and Vic-to-ry, And bat-tle for the Lord. I'll bat-tle for the Lord, Yes,

BATTLE FOR THE LORD. *Concluded.*

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bat - tle for the Lord; I'll shout for Truth and Vic - to - ry And bat - tle for the Lord.

SAVIOUR! TEACH ME DAY BY DAY.

W. B. BRADBURY, *lyr.*

1 Sav - our! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey; Sweeter les - son
2 With a child - like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I move; Prompt to serve and

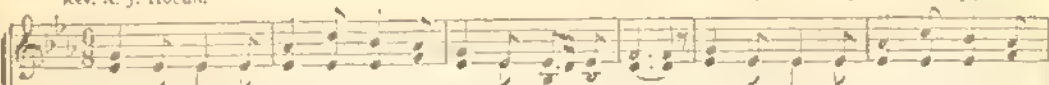
can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
fol - low thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

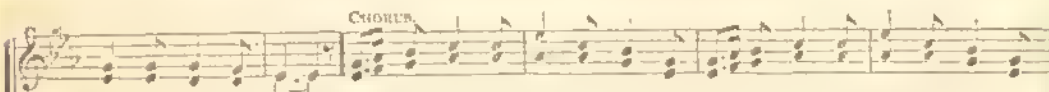
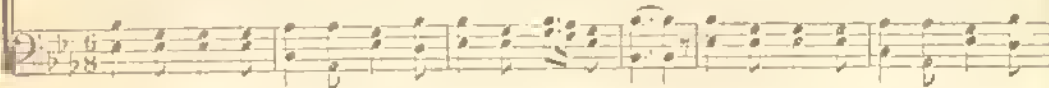
4 That may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Rev. A. J. Houghton.

Mrs. J. P. Knapp, by per.



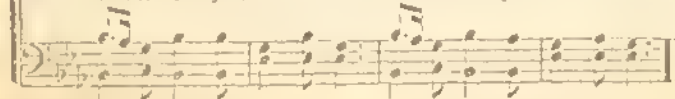
1. Ma - ny at the cross are kneeling, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, By his boundless love re - veal - ing,
 2. All the lost and all the lone - ly, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, Oh, come now, be - lieving on - ly,
 3. Hearts are at this moment proring, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, Ev - ery sin - ful stain re - moving,



- Je - sus, Je - sus saves. Hal - le - lu - jah, light is beaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, blood is streaming,
 Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
 Je - sus, Je - sus saves,



- Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves.



- 4 Come with tears your sin confessing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves,
 Seek and find the choicest blessing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves. Cho.

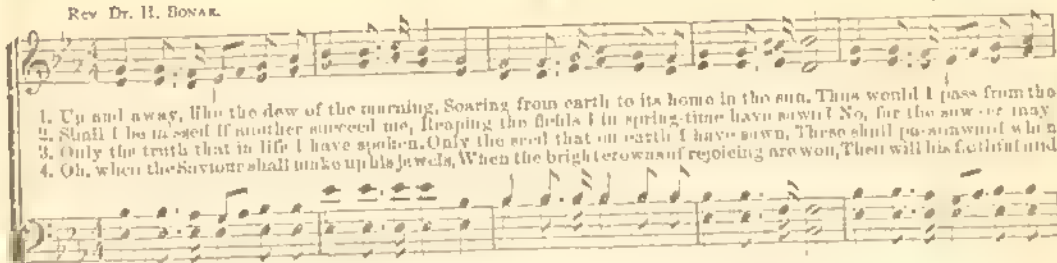
- 5 Hallelujah, saints are kinging,
 Jesus, Jesus saves,
 Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves. Cho.

ONLY REMEMBERED.

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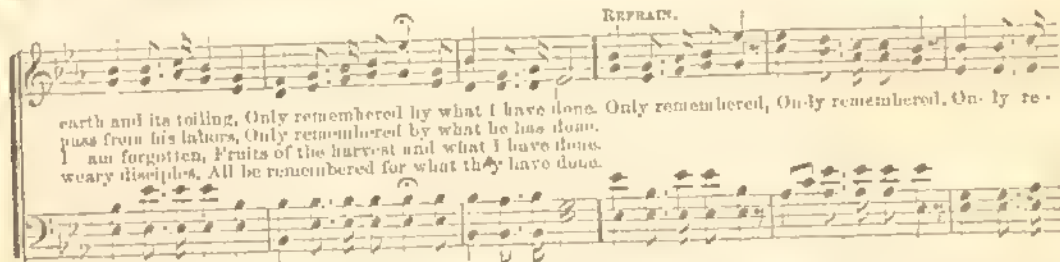
Rev Dr. H. BONAR.

Wm. W. BRIDLEY, by per.



1. Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the
 2. Still I be assured if another succeed me, Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown! No, for the sow-er may
 3. Only the truth that in life I have spoken, Only the seed that on earth I have sown, These shall pass on when
 4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright towers of rejoicing are won, Then will his faithful and

REFRAIN.



earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what I have done. Only remembered, Only remembered, On-ly re-
 m-embered by what he has done.
 I am forgotten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
 weary disciples, All be remembered for what they have done.

Fin.



remembered by what I have done, Only remembered, Only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done.

Mrs. E. H. GATES.

S. J. VAIL, Cop. 1870.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheat and

ro-ses. Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-

day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way. Then scat-ter seeds of

kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness For our reaping by - and - by.

2 Strange, we never prize the mangle
Till the sweet-voiced lute has flown!
Strange, that we should slight the children
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air. *Ch.*

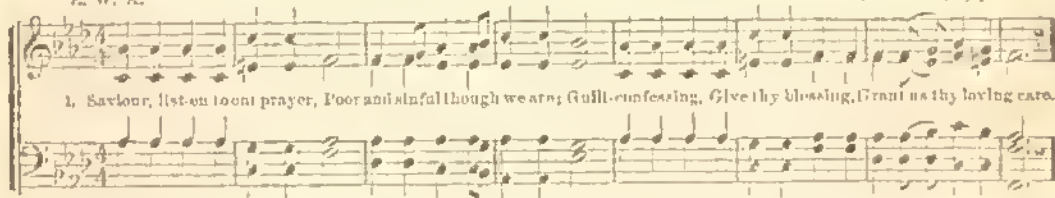
3 If we knew the holy fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never touch us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow!
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now! *Ch.*

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they paint our memories back
To the busy words and actions
Scattered along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—hid roses—
For our reaping by and by! *Ch.*

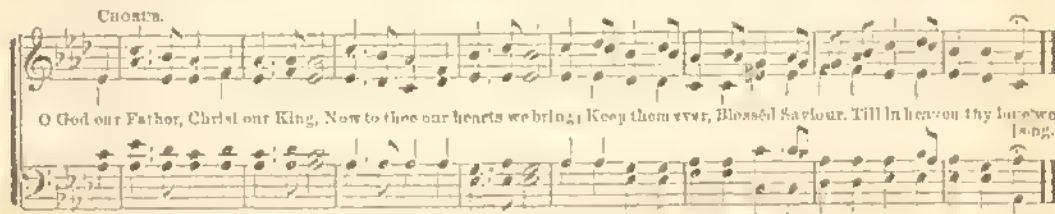
SAVIOUR, LISTEN TO OUR PRAYER.

P. W. K.

E. W. KELLOGG, by per.



1. Saviour, listen to our prayer, Poor and sinful though we are; Guilt-unfeeling, Give thy blessing, Grant us thy loving care.

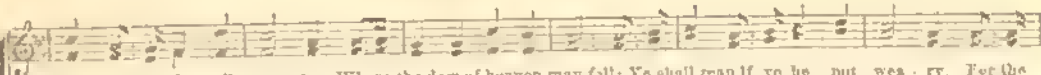


CHORUS.

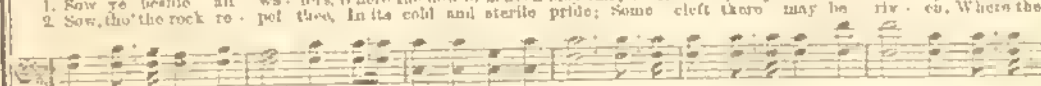
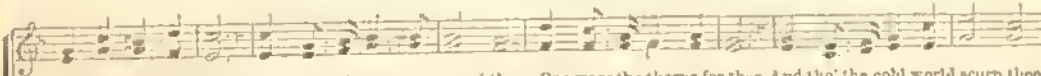
O God our Father, Christ our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring; Keep them ever, Blessed Saviour, Till in heaven thy loved ones sing.

2 Strength is thine; we often stray
From thy pure and holy way;
Wilt thou guide us, Walk beside us,
Nearer every day? *Ch.*


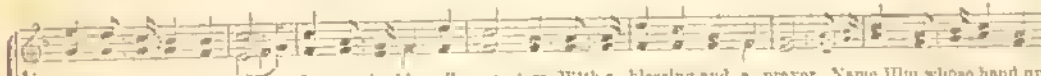
3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning, Heaven winning,
Praising evermore. *Ch.*



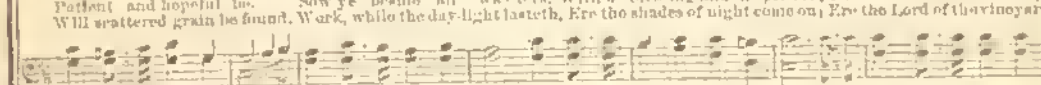
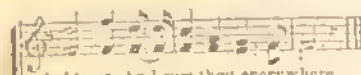
1. Sow ye beeds all wa-ters, Where the dew of heaven may fall; Ye shall reap if ye be not wa-ry. For the
2. Sow, tho' the rock re-pel thee, In its cold and sterile pride; Some cleft there may be riv-ed, Where the

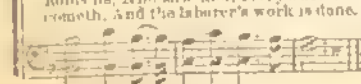
Spirit breathes o'er all, Sow, tho' the thorns may wound thee—One wore the thorns for thee, And tho' the cold world scurn thee,
He - the seed may hide. Fear not, for some will flour-ish; And tho' the tares abound, Like willows by the wa-ters

Patient and hopeful be. Sow ye beeds all wa-ters, With a blessing and a prayer, Name Him whose hand up-
Will scattered grain be found. Work, while the day-light lasteth, Ere the shades of night come on; Ere the Lord of the vineyard

holds us, And sow them everywhere,
someth. And the laborer's work is done.



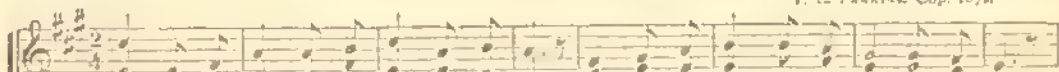
3 Watch not the clouds above thee;
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, tho' never beholding
The seed burst from its tomb;

Then know'st not which may perish,
Or what be sowed to bloom.
Sown on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will bud,
That the Lord of the harvest coming,
In the harvest-sheaves may bind

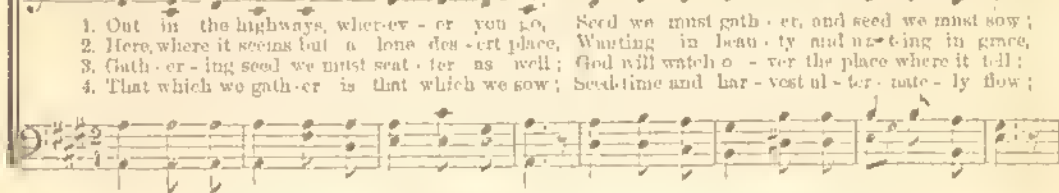
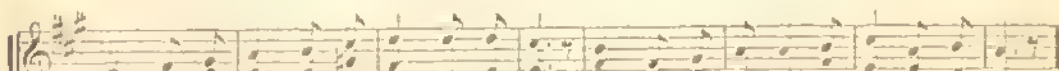
GATHERING SEED.

T. E. PRINGLE, Cop. 1873.

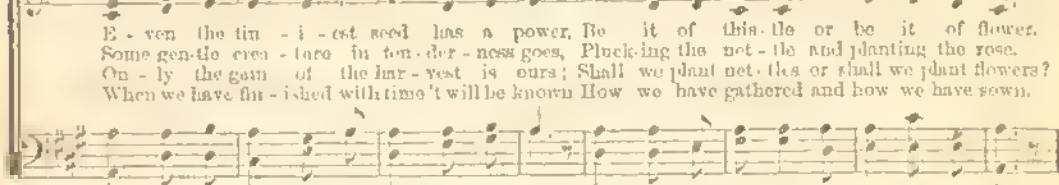
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1. Out in the highways, wher-ev - er you go, Seed we must gath - er, and seed we must sow;
 2. Here, where it seems but a lone des - ert place, Whistling in beau - ty and nuzzling in grace,
 3. Gath - er - ing seed we must seat - ter as well; God will watch o - ver the place where it tell;
 4. That which we gath - er is that which we sow; Seed-time and har - vest ul - ter - ate - ly flow;

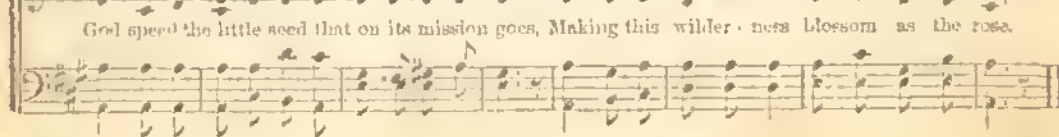
E - ven the tin - i - est seed has a power, Be it of this - le or be it of flower,
 Some gen - tle crea - ture in ten - der - ness goes, Plucking the net - tle and planting the rose.
 On - ly the gain of the har - vest is ours; Shall we plant net - tles or shall we plant flowers?
 When we have fin - ished with time 't will be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

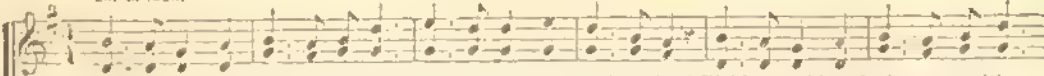


CHORUS.


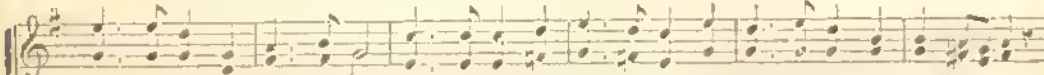


God speed the little seed that on its mission goes, Making this wilder - ness Blossom as the rose.


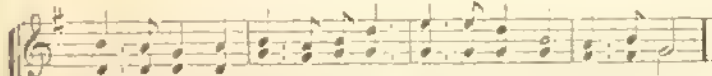




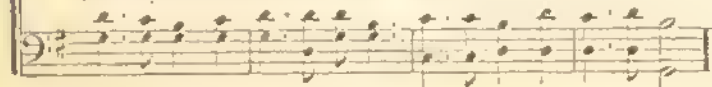
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling, — Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
 2. If you can not cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen nearer,
 3. If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus,

Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud and long the Master call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free:
 You can help them at your door; If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite,
 You can say he died for all; If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dreadful alarms,

4.
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you,
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do!"
 Gladly take the task he gives you,
 Let his work your pleasure be,
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

HARVEST HOME.

T. E. FRANKS. Cop. 1868.

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1. Cast thy bread upon the wa - ters, Find it af - ter ma - ny days ; Je - sus' toil - ing sons and daughters,
2. Sow in faith, on God de - pend - ing, Ev'n in hardest, poorest soil ; Patient care and la - bor spend - ing.
3. Sow in faith, nor ev - er wea - ry, Hoping on, and fainting not, Though the day be dark and dreary,

CHORUS.

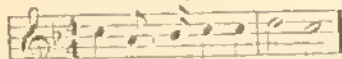
Loud shall sing their harvest praise, God's own children gladly sing - ing, Singing songs of harvest home ;
God will re - com - pense the toil.
Reap - ing soon shall be thy lot.

Golden sheaves in triumph bringing, Je - sus bids us welcome home.

- 4 Soon shall cease the time of sowing,
Soon the waiting days be o'er,
Plenteous harvest richly growing,
For God's glory, evermore.
- 5 Golden sheaves in triumph bringing,
Jesus' reapers hasten home!
Harvest welcome gladly singing,
Jesus meets them as they come.

FIRST HYMN.

WALK. 71 & 64.



- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'till springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every dying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

SECOND HYMN.

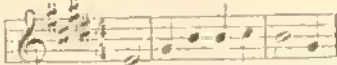
LEADER. H. M.



- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow—
The glorious solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of jubilee, etc.

THIRD HYMN.

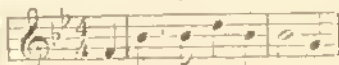
MISSIONARY HYMN. 71 & 64.



- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a pulsing plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

FOURTH HYMN.

WALK. 71 & 64.

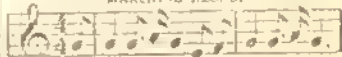


- 1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in communion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
2 See heathen millions bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
Thy gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

FIFTH HYMN.

MARCHING ALONG.




- 1 The children are gathering from near
and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for
the war;
The conflict is raging, 'till he four-
fold and long,
We'll gird on the armor, and be
marching along.
CHORUS.
Marching along, we are marching
along,
Gird on the armor and be marching
along!
Our leader is down, he bids us be
strong,
Then gird on your armor and be
marching along.
- 2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from
the way,
The Lord is our strength, he bids us
ever our song,
With courage and faith we are
marching along. CHOR.

OH, TARRY NOT, DEAR LORD.

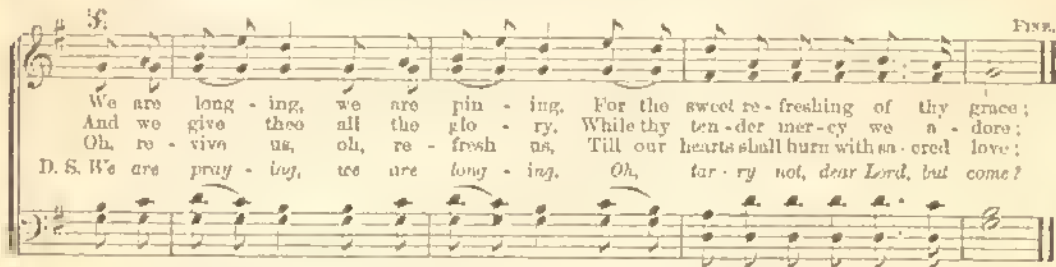
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FANNY CROSBY.

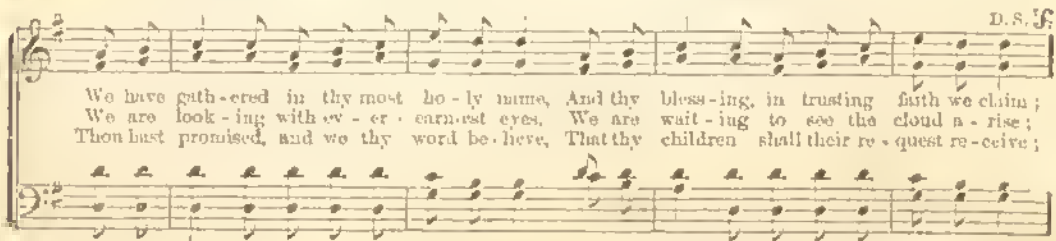
T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.



1. Dear Re - deem - er, lov - ing Sav - iour, Now be - hold us from thy dwell - ing - place;
 2. Thou hast heard us, thou hast blessed us; Once a - gain thy bless - ing we im - plore;
 3. May thy Spir - it, now de - scend - ing. Rest up - on us like a gen - tle dove!



We are long - ing, we are pin - ing, For the sweet re - fresh - ing of thy grace;
 And we give thee all the glo - ry. While thy ten - der mer - cy we a - dore;
 Oh, re - vive us, oh, re - fresh us, Till our hearts shall burn with a - cred love;
 D. S. We are pray - ing, we are long - ing. Oh, tar - ry not, dear Lord, but come!



We have gath - ered in thy most ho - ly name, And thy bless - ing, in trust - ing faith we claim;
 We are look - ing with ev - er earnest eyes, We are wait - ing to see the cloud a - rise;
 Thou hast promised, and we thy word be - lieve, That thy children shall their re - quest re - ceive;

1. "Laud a - head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green; And the liv - ing wa - ters
 2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -
 3. There, let go the anchor, rid - ing On this calm and sil'ry bay: Sea - ward fast the tide is
 4. Now we're safe from all temp - ta - tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our sal -

CHORUS.

hav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
 sounding From the bright im - mor - tal bands.
 glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
 va - tion, We are safe at home at last!

that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

REJOICE, REJOICE, BELIEVERS.

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BORTHWICK.

H. SMART.

1. Re - joice, rejoice, be - lievers! And let your lights ap - pear; The shades of eve are thickening, And
2. See that your lamps are burning, Re - plenish them with oil; Look now for your sal - va - tion The
3. O wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ja - bi - la - tions, Ye

dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon he will draw nigh: Up!
end of sin and toil. The watchers on the mountains Pro - claim the Bridegroom near, Go,
meet the an - gel choir. The marriage-feast is wait - ing. The gates wide o - pen stand; Up,

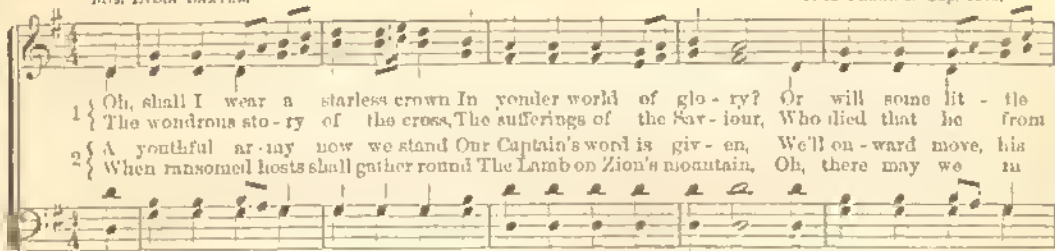
pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry,
meet him as he com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear,
up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.

4.
Our Hope and our Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts, and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee.

A STARLESS CROWN.

MRS. LINDA BAXTER.

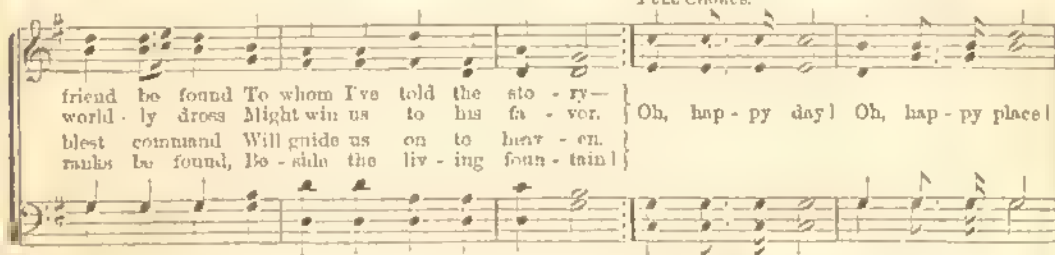
T. F. PERKINS. Cop. 1868.



1 { Oh, shall I wear a starless crown In yonder world of glo-ry? Or will some lit-tle
The wondrous sto-ry of the cross, The sufferings of the Sav-iour, Who died that he from

2 { A youthful ar-my now we stand Our Captain's word is giv-en, We'll on-ward move, his
When ransomed hosts shall gather round The Lamb on Zion's mountain, Oh, there may we in

FULL CHORUS.



friend be found To whom I've told the sto-ry—
world-ly dross Might win us to his fa-vor. { Oh, hap-py day! Oh, hap-py place!
blest command Will guide us on to heav-en.
ranks be found, be-side the liv-ing foun-tain! }



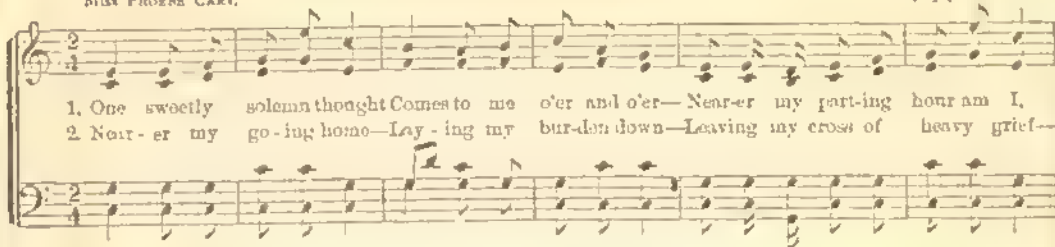
We soon shall meet to-geth-er, Where Jesus stands with smil-ing face To crown us his for-ever.

Misa FROENE CARY.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

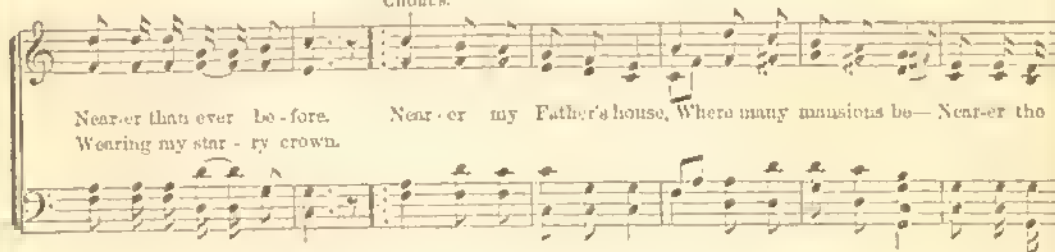
KARL REDEM, by per.

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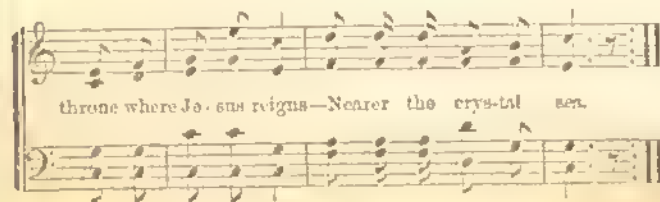


1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er—Nearer my parting hour am I,
2. Nearer my go-ing home—Lay-ing my bur-den down—Leaving my cross of heavy grief--

CHORUS.



Nearer than ever be-fore. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be—Nearer the
Wearing my star-ry crown.



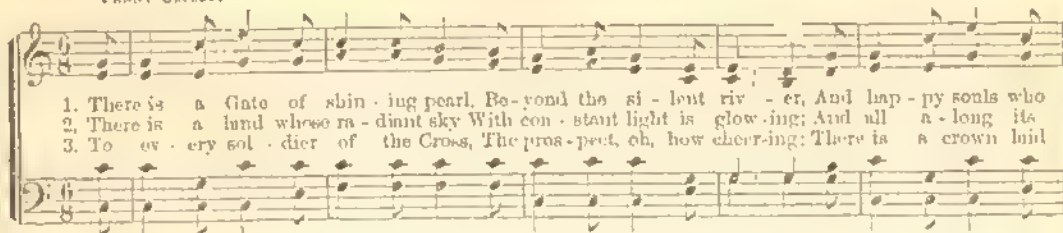
throne where Je-sus reigns—Nearer the crys-tal sea.

3 Nearer the hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light. Cho.

4 Jesus I to thee I cling;
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death. Cho.

THE GATE OF PEARL.

S. J. VAN. Cop. 1874.

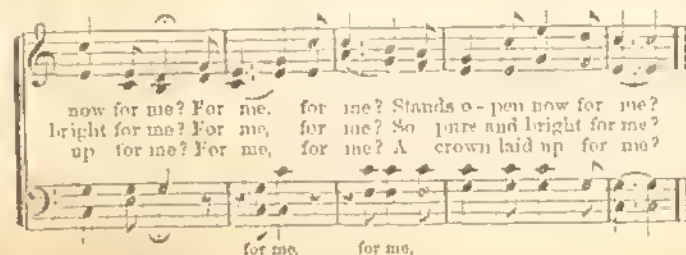


1. There is a Gate of shin - ing pearl, Be - yond the si - lent riv - er, And lap - py souls who
 2. There is a land whose ra - diant sky With con - stant light is glow - ing; And all a - long its
 3. To ev - ery sol - dier of the Cross, The pros - per - oh, how cheer - ing: There is a crown laid

Chorus.



enter there, Shall dwell with Christ forev - er. A - mazing love! oh, can it be That gate is o - pen
 verdant shore, The tide of joy is flow - ing. A - mazing love! oh, can it be A land so pure and
 up for those Who wait our Lord's appearing. A - mazing love! oh, can it be There is a crown laid



now for me? For me, for me? Stands o - pen now for me?
 bright for me? For me, for me? So pure and bright for me?
 up for me? For me, for me? A crown laid up for me?

for me, for me,

4.
 The blood of him who died for all—
 Oh, wondrous, wondrous story!
 His blood that cleanseth every sin,
 Secures that land of glory.
 Amazing love! oh, can it be
 His blood secures that land for me?
 For me, for me?
 Secures that land for me?

THE OTHER SIDE.

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S. L. CUTHBERT.

J. E. GOULD, by per.

1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shining beam Across from yonder shore, Across from yonder shore;
2. The other side! ah, there's the place Where sad tears in joy past times retrace, And think of trials gone, And think of trials gone; The

visions of a holy throng, And sound of harp and seraphic song Seem gently wafted o'er, Seem gently wafted o'er,
vail withdrawn, they clearly see That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safely home, To bring them safely home.

CHORUS.

O Zi-on! cit-y fair! O Zi-on! cit-y fair! The other side, the other side, When shall we meet our loved ones there!

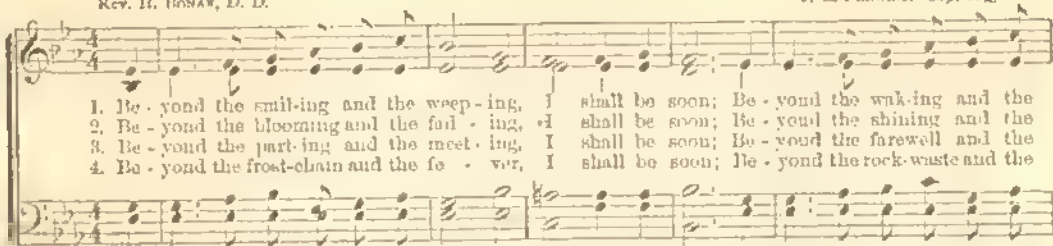
3 The other side! oh, charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
||: For me a loved one waits; ||:
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not—I am thy guide to be
||: Up to the heavenly gates. ||: Cho.

4 The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
||: Of earthly toil and care, ||:
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
||: With all the blest ones there? ||: Cho.

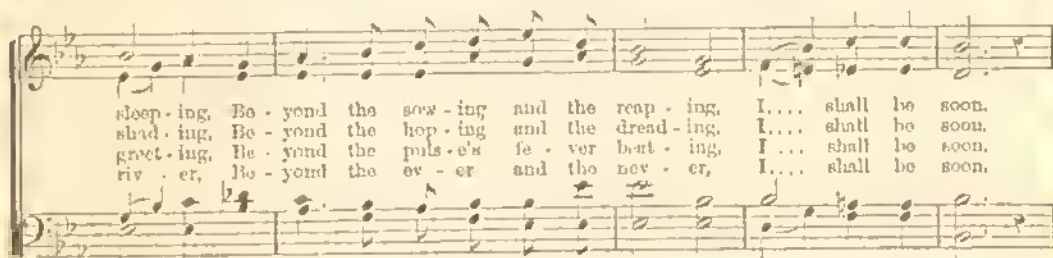
BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEeping.

REV. H. DONAT, D. D.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1825.



1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the wak - ing and the
 2. Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fail - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the shin - ing and the
 3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the fare - well and the
 4. Be - yond the frost - chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock - waste and the



sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I... shall be soon.
 sad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing, I... shall be soon.
 greet - ing, Be - yond the puls - es fe - ver beat - ing, I... shall be soon.
 riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I... shall be soon.

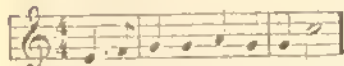
REFRAIN.



Love, rest and home! Sweet home, sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come, Lord, tarry not, but come.

FIRST HYMN.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



- 1 In the Christian's home is glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

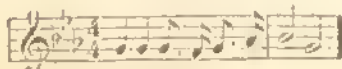
CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is sitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*
- 3 Pain nor sickness nor sorrow shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear. *Cho.*

SECOND HYMN.

I SHALL WE GATHER.



- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With the crystal tules farer
Flowing by the throne of God!

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day. *Ref.*
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Ref.*
- 4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Ref.*

THIRD HYMN.

OAK, G & 45.

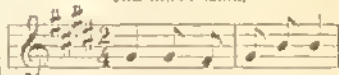


- 1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Hunger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my lane;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Thou I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

FOURTH HYMN.

THE HAPPY LAND.



- 1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Laud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
Heaven every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die,
Oh, then to glory run,
For a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

JESUS THEN I KNOW.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1874.

1. When my soul with-in Sorrowed with its sin, Je - sus swept the shades a - way ;
 2. And when oft oppressed, Wandering from my rest, Who was quick to see my grief?
 3. Now when ev - ery task Tries the faith I ask, Who be - side me comes to stand?
 4. And when fail - ing breath Tells the hour of death, Who will be my spir - it's stay?

Christ, the Lord di - vine, Gave his life for mine, Turned my darkness in - to day.
 Je - sus, from a - bove, Shed his help - ful love, Came to bring me sweet re - lief.
 Je - sus, bless - ed Lord, Speaks the cheering word, Takes me by the trembling hand.
 Je - sus then will be Near to wel - come me, At the shin - ing gates of day!
 D. S. His the joys un - told, His the streets of gold, — Je - sus is the Lord I love.

Chorus
 Je - sus then I know! His the name be - low, — His the name to sing a - bove ;

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

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NEALE, Tr.

Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and honey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an angel, And
3. And they, who with their leader, Have conquered in the fight; For ev - er and for ev - er, Are

heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait me there: What
all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - lease! The
clad in robes of white, Oh, land that seest no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh,

ra - diant of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare
show of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast
roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realms and home of life!

Oh, sweet and blessed country!
'The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
'That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
'To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

TIME, THOU SPEEDEST.

FLUTW.

1. Time, thou speedest on but slow-ly, Hours, how tardy is your pace! Ere with him, the High and holy,
 2. Onward, then, not long I wander Ere my Saviour comes for me, And with him a-bid-ing yonder,

I hold converse face to face. Here is naught but care and mourning: Comes a joy, it will not stay;
 All his glo-ry I shall see. Oh, the mu-sic and the singing Of the host redeemed by love!

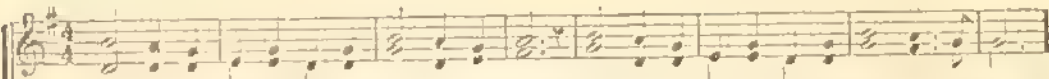
Fair-ly shines the sun at dawning. Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day,
 Oh, the hal-lo-lo-jahs ringing Through the halls of light a-bove! Through the halls of light a-bove!

WHEN JESUS COMES.

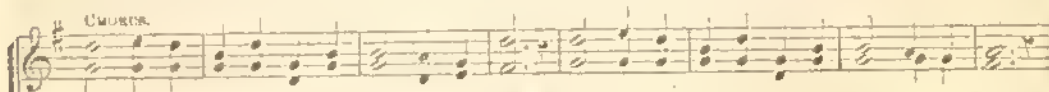
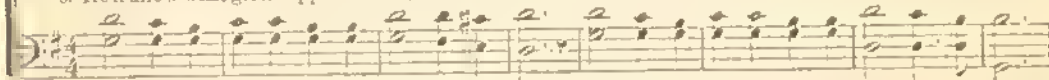
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From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss.

By per. of JOHN CHURCH & CO.



1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and wait and wonder, Till Je-sus comes.
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je-sus comes; For him my soul be yearning, When Jesus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je-sus comes; All peace and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom his face will banish, When Jesus comes.
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Je-sus comes; He'll know the feet grew wea-ry, When Jesus comes.
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how his arms will rest me! When Jesus comes.



All joy his loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes; All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Je-sus comes,



All beauty bright and vernal, When Je-sus comes; All glo-ry, grand, eter-nal, When Je-sus comes.



From "GOSPEL HYMNS."

By per. of JOHN CUREN & Co.

1. With harps and with vi - o - la, there stand a great throng In the presence of Je - sus, and
 2. All these once were sin - ners, do - filed in his sight, Now ar - rayed in pure garments in

CHORUS.

sing this new song:— Un - to him who hath loved us and washed us from sin, Un - to
 praise they u - nite.

him be the glo - ry for ev - er. A - men.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
 He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing. *Cho.*
 4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
 If he never had loved us till cleansed from our sin. *Cho.*
 5 Aloud in his praises, our voices shall ring,
 So that others, believing, this new song shall sing. *Cho.*

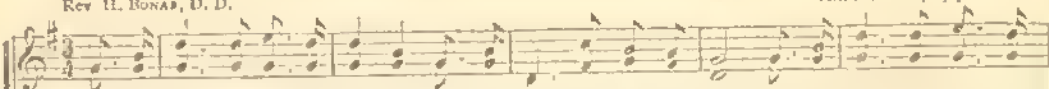
Rev. A. T. PIERSON, D. D.

ONWARD TO OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

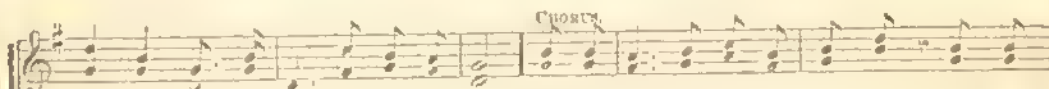
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Rev H. BONAR, D. D.

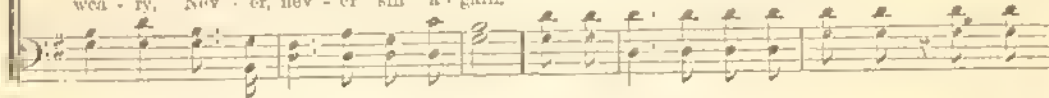
KARL REZEN, by per.



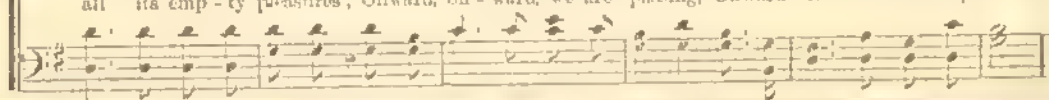
1. This is not my place of rest - ing, There's a cit - y yet to come: Onward to it I am
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day: Ev - ery trace of sin's sad
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, lead us, By the streams of life a - long, - In the fresh - est pas - ture
4. Soon we pass this des - ert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain: Nev - er more then, end or



hastening, On to my e - ter - nal home. Farewell, then, all earth - ly trea - sures, Fare - well,
sto - ry, All the curse, hath passed a - way.
feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.



all its emp - ty pleasures; Onward, on - ward, we are passing, Onward to our heavenly home.

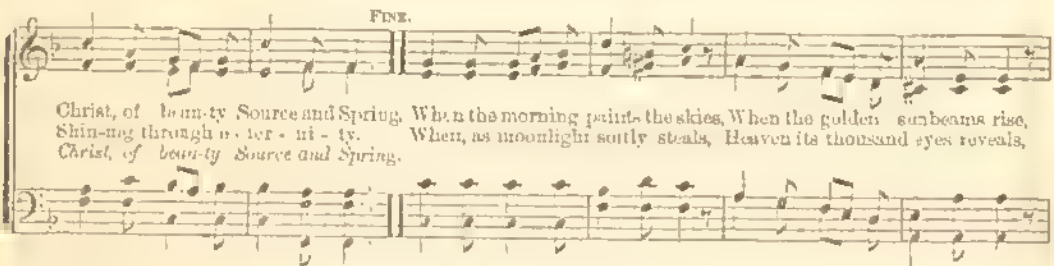


EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.



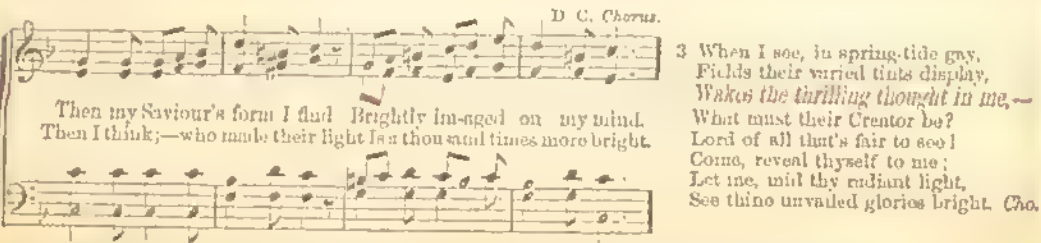
1. Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Love-ly forms or beauties rare, But be-fore my eyes they bring
 2. When the day-beams pierce the night, Oft I think on Je-sus' light, —Think,—how bright that light will be,
 Cho.—Earth has nothing sweet or fair Love-ly forms or beauties rare, But be-fore my eyes they bring

FINE.



Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring, When the morning paints the skies, When the golden sunbeams rise,
 Shin-ing through in-ter-ni-ty. When, as moonlight softly steals, Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
 Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring.

D. C. Chorus.



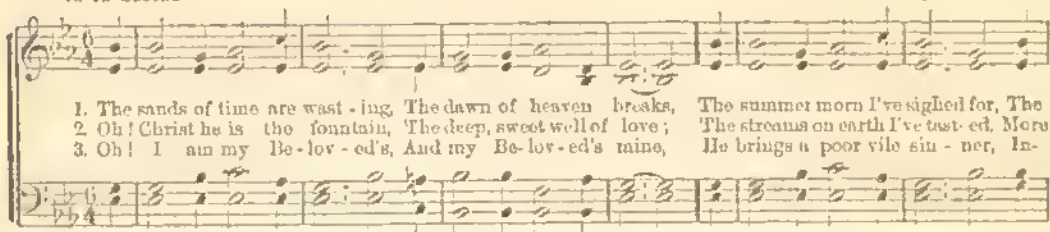
3 When I see, in spring-tide gay,
 Fields their varied tints display,
 Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
 What must their Creator be?
 Lord of all that's fair to see!
 Come, reveal thyself to me;
 Let me, with thy radiant light,
 See thine unvailed glories bright. Cho.

A. R. COUSIC.

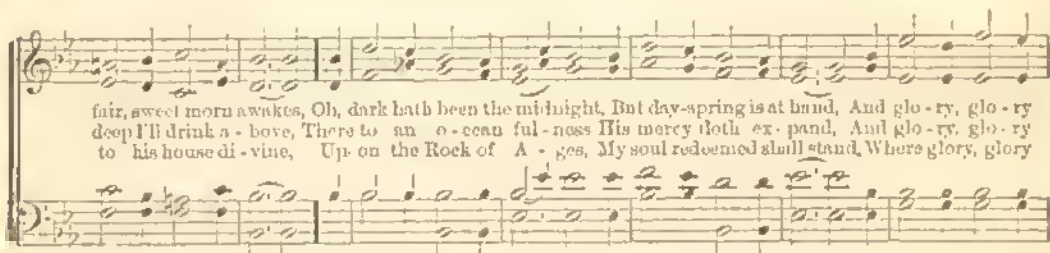
IMMANUEL'S LAND.

WM. F. STEWART. Cop. 1872.

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1. The sands of time are wast-ing, The dawn of heav'n breaks, The summer morn I've sigh'd for, The
2. Oh! Christ he is the fountain, The deep, sweet wel of love; The streams on earth I've tast-ed, More
3. Oh! I am my Be-lov-ed's, And my Be-lov-ed's mine, He brings a poor vile sin-ner, In-



fair, sweet morn awakes, Oh, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo-ry
deep I'll drink a-bove, There to an o-ccean ful-ness His mercy doth ex-pand, And glo-ry, glo-ry
to his house di-vine, Up-on the Rock of A-ges, My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory

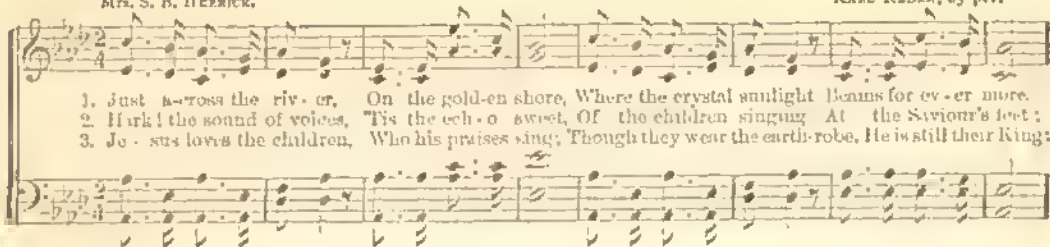


dwel-eth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwel-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwel-eth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwel-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwel-eth In Immanuel's land, Where glo-ry, glo-ry dwel-eth In Immanuel's land.

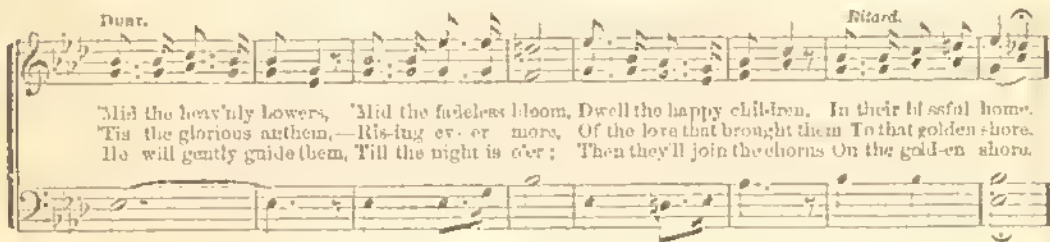
JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

Mrs. S. B. HEERICK.

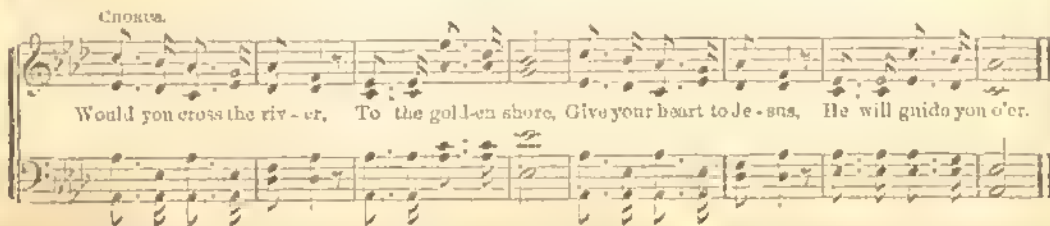
KARL REDER, by per.



1. Just a-cross the riv-er, On the gold-en shore, Where the crystal sunlight beams for ev-er more.
 2. Hark! the sound of voices, 'Tis the ech-o sweet, Of the children singing At the Saviour's feet;
 3. Je-sus loves the children, Who his praises sing; Though they wear the earth-robe, He is still their King;



Duet. 'Mid the heav'nly bow'ers, 'Mid the fadeless bloom, Dwell the happy children, In their blissful home.
 'Tis the glorious anthem,—Ris-ing ev-er more, Of the lore that brought them To that golden shore.
 He will gently guide them, Till the night is o'er; Then they'll join the choros On the gold-en shore.



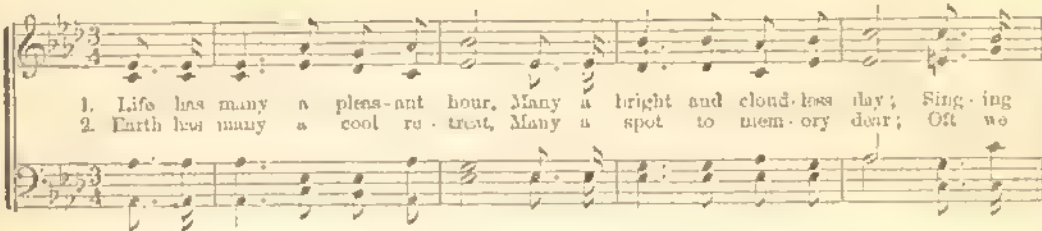
Chorus.
 Would you cross the riv-er, To the gold-en shore, Give your heart to Je-sus, He will guide you o'er.

THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

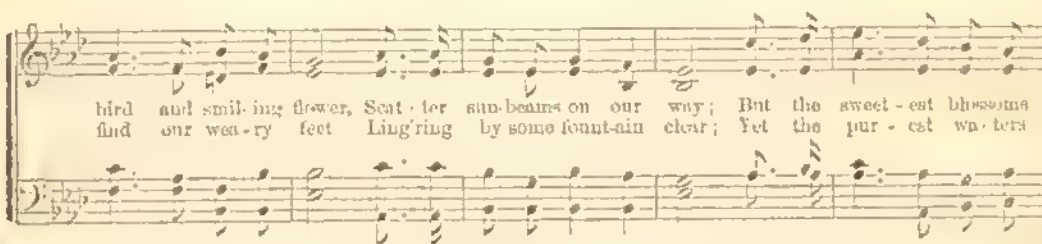
149

FANNY CROSBY.

Wm. F. SHIRKWIN. Cop. 1872.



1. Life has many a pleas-ant hour, Many a bright and cloud-less day; Sing-ing
2. Earth has many a cool re-treat, Many a spot to mem-ory dear; Oft we



bird and smil-ing flower, Seat-ter sun-beams on our way; But the sweet-est blossoms
find our wea-ry feet Ling'ring by some fount-ain clear; Yet the pur-est wa-ters

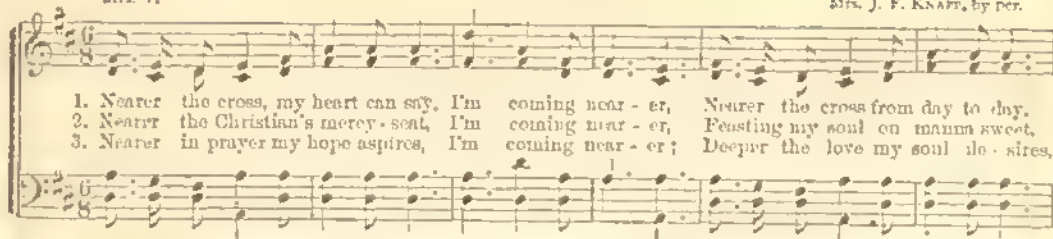


grow In the land to which we go.
flow In the land to which we go.

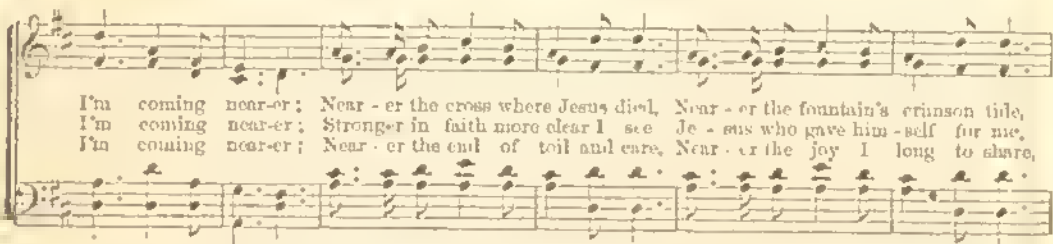
- 3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.
- 4 'Tis the Christ's promised land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go

NEARER THE CROSS.

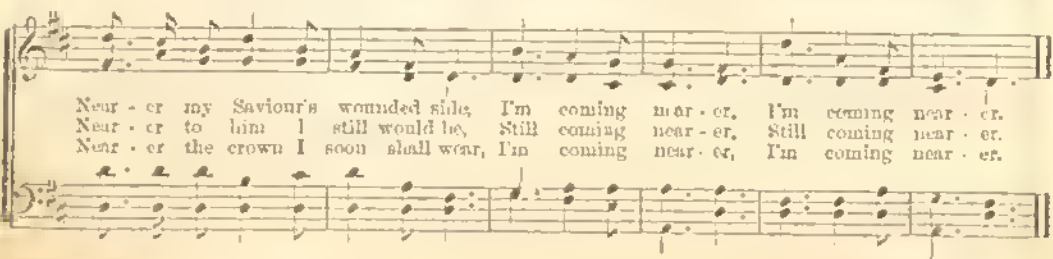
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



1. Nearer the cross, my heart can say, I'm coming near - er, Nearer the cross from day to day,
 2. Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat, I'm coming near - er, Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
 3. Nearer in prayer my hope aspires, I'm coming near - er; Deeper the love my soul de-sires,



I'm coming near-er: Near - er the cross where Jesus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide,
 I'm coming near-er: Stronger in faith more clear I see Je - sus who gave him-self for me,
 I'm coming near-er: Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share,



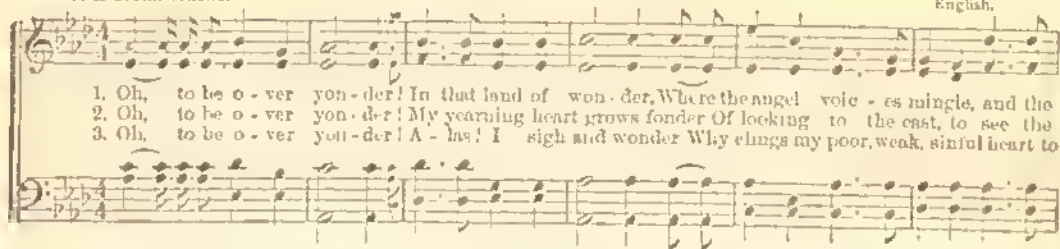
Near - er my Saviour's wounded side, I'm coming near - er, I'm coming near - er.
 Near - er to him I still would be, Still coming near - er, Still coming near - er.
 Near - er the crown I soon shall wear, I'm coming near - er, I'm coming near - er.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

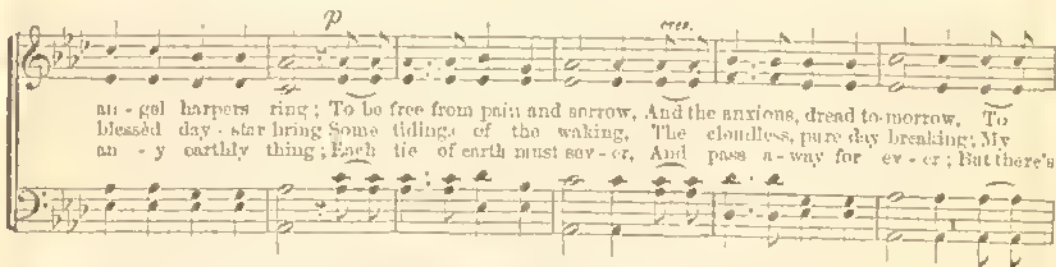
151

Miss C. ARMSTRONG.

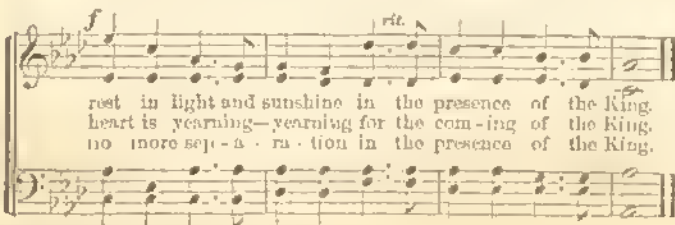
English.



1. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! In that land of won-der, Where the angel voice - es mingle, and the
 2. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of looking to the east, to see the
 3. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! A - las! I sigh and wonder Why elings my poor, weak, sinful heart to



p an - gel harpers ring; To be free from pain and sorrow, And the anxious, dread to-morrow, To
 blessed day - star bring Some tidings of the waking, The cloudless, pure day breaking; My
 an - y earthly thing; Each tie of earth must sov-er, And pass a-way for ev-er; But there's

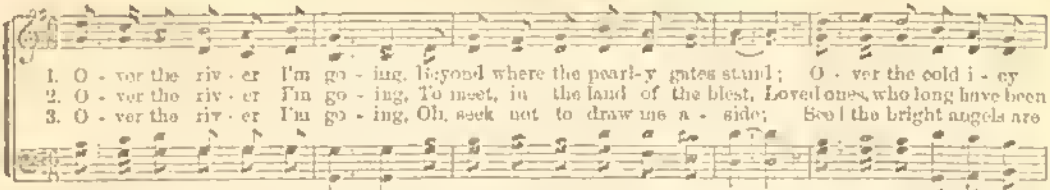


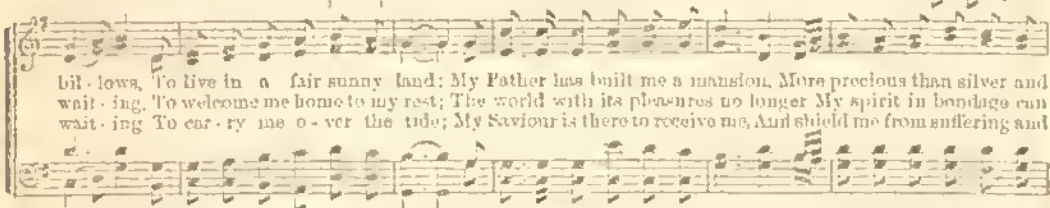
f rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King.
 heart is yearning - yearning for the com-ing of the King.
 no more sepa - ra - tion in the presence of the King.

4.
 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
 The longing groweth stronger
 To join in all the praises the red-embd
 ones do sing
 Within those heavenly places,
 Where the angels veil their faces,
 In awe and adoration in the presence of
 the King.

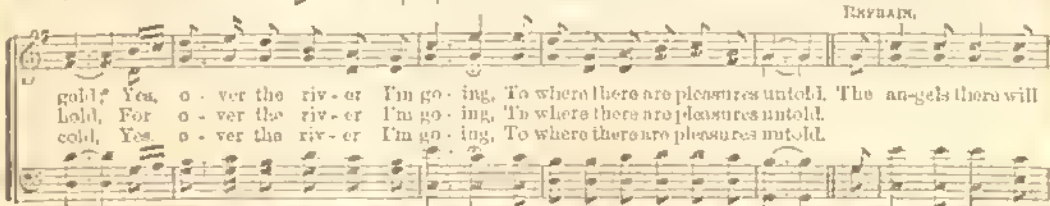
OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

J. M. EVANS, by per.

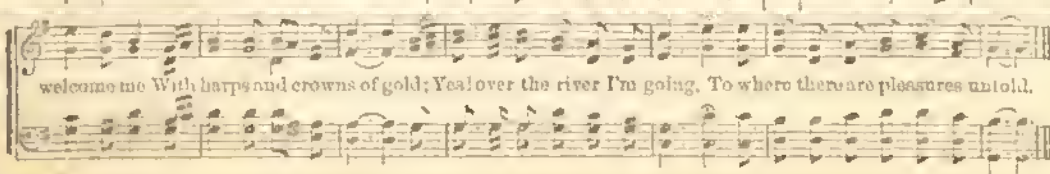
- 
1. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Beyond where the pearl-y gates stand; O - ver the cold i - cy
 2. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To meet, in the land of the blest, Loved ones, who long have been
 3. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Oh, seek not to draw me a - side; See! the bright angels are



bil - lows, To live in a fair sunny land; My Father has built me a mansion, More precious than silver and
wait - ing, To welcome me home to my rest; The world with its pleasures no longer My spirit in bondage can
wait - ing To car - ry me o - ver the tide; My Saviour is there to receive me, And shield me from suffering and



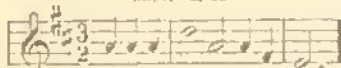
gold? Yes, o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold. The an - gels there will
hold, For o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold.
cold, Yes o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold.



welcome me With harps and crowns of gold; Yea! over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures untold.

FIRST HYMN.

REST. 2. M.



1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

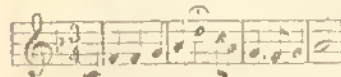
2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To lie for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whoso waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! ah, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

SECOND HYMN.

FREDERICK. M.



1 I would not live away; I ask not to
stay
Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way;
The few brief mornings that dawn on
us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough
for its cheer.

2 Who, who would live away, away
from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright
o'er the plains,
And the multitude of glory eternally
reign!

3 These saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported
to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

THIRD HYMN.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.



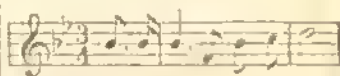
1 Can ye disconsolate, where'er ye
languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can
not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the
straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
replying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can
not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

FOURTH HYMN.

WHITE ROBES.



1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing our triumphant song!

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes,—
White robes are waiting for me!
Yea, clean robes, white robes,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 These through fiery trials trod,
Thence from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Souled with his almighty name.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Thro' their great firewinner's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

1. There's a home of joy un-fad-ing. Let us seek it, 'tis not far; There's a Saviour's love unchanging

Just with-in the gates a-jar. En-ter in, and share his glo-ry, Lov-ing arms will fold us there,

CHORUS. Hark! the mu-sic soft-ly, soft-ly
We'll be-hold the heavenly mansions Just with-in the gates a-jar. Hark! hark! the music soft-ly, soft-ly
Hark! the mu-sic soft-ly

steal-ing from the angel choir a-far; They are sing-ing, sweet-ly, sweet-ly sing-ing. En-ter in the gates a-jar.

THE GATES AJAR. *Concluded.*

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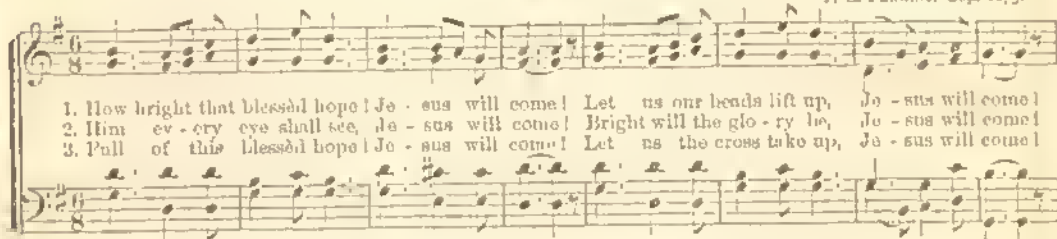
1 The a- loving Sav- iour calls us,
Bids us all his glories share;
Crown'd of life he'll surely giv' us
When within the gates ajar,
Look to Jesus, trust his mercy,
Look to him by faith and prayer,
Live for him, precious Sav- iour,
Open- ing wide the gates ajar. *Cho.*

3 No more weep- ing, no more sad- ness,
No more strife nor anxious care;
Hail, the heav- enly songs of glad- ness
Steal- ing through the gates ajar,
No more long- ings, no more pin- aces,
Wing their way through mid- night ah,
Hark! the voice of mer- cy call- ing
Thro' the heav- enly gates ajar. *Cho.*

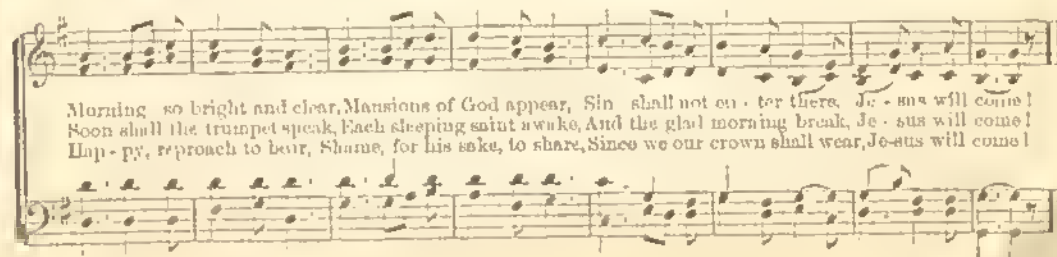
4 Soon we'll reach the heav- enly por- tals,
An- gel bands will hail us there,
Then we'll catch the strains im- mor- tal
Bur- st- ing through the gates ajar,
Sav- iour, giv' us hearts to love thee,
Guide us to that land not far;
Thro' the shade of death's dark val- ley
May we see the gates ajar. *Cho.*

JESUS WILL COME.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1879.

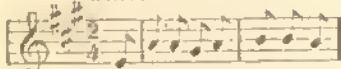


1. How bright that bless'd hope! Je - sus will come! Let us our heads lift up, Je - sus will come!
2. Him ev - ery eye shall see, Je - sus will come! Bright will the glo - ry be, Je - sus will come!
3. Pull of this bless'd hope! Je - sus will come! Let us the cross take up, Je - sus will come!



Morn- ing so bright and clear, Man- sions of God ap- pear, Sin shall not en- ter there, Je - sus will come!
Soon shall the trumpet speak, Each sleep- ing saint a- wake, And the glad morn- ing break, Je - sus will come!
Hap- py, re- proach to bear, Shame, for his sake, to share, Since we our crown shall wear, Je - sus will come!

FIRST HYMN.
AROUND THE THRONE.



1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven;
A holy, happy band.

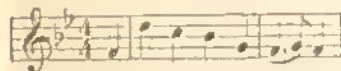
Ref.—Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 What brought them to that world
above!

That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:—
How came those children there! *Ref.*

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean! *Ref.*

SECOND HYMN.
NEWPORT, 75 & 65.



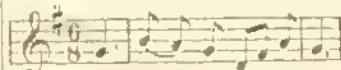
1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Ranting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;

And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love abiding,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day:
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

THIRD HYMN.
NO SORROW THERE.



1 Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
Tis immortality.

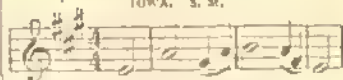
CHOIRS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pick my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. *Cho.*

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
The golden gates appear! *Cho.*

FOURTH HYMN.
IOWA, S. M.

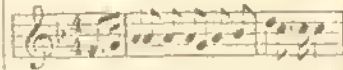


1 A charge to keep I have,
A soul to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

FIFTH HYMN.
SWEET STORY.



1 I think, when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs
to his fold,—
I should like to have been with them
then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed
on my head,
That his arm had been thrown a-
round me;
And that I might have seen his kind
look when he said,
"Let this little ones come unto me."

"AROUND THE HEARTH.

T. F. PERKINS, Cop. 1872.

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1st. 2nd.

1 What-ev-er be our earthly lot; Wherev-er we may roam, }
 Still to our hearts the brightest spot Is round the hearth at home; The home of }
 2 And when some little trouble wringed Up-on the childish heart, }
 Till from our brimming eyes it } made The gushing tear-drops start; How quick, }
 3 And brighter with the passing years Seems childhood's sweet employ, }
 And e-ven sweeter still ap- } pears Each well-remembered joy; Around }

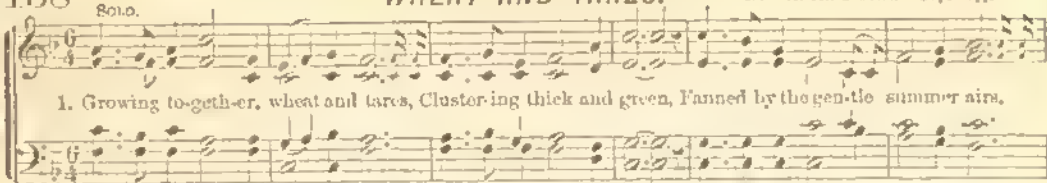
ev'n so lowly birth, The hearth by which we sat, No other spot on all the earth Will ev-er be like that.
 form the genial glow, We felt each sorrow cease, And back the crystal current flow, To flood our hearts with peace.
 cheerful hearth at home, Where we in childhood sat, No other spot, wherev-er we roam, Will ev-er be like that.

SECOND HYMN.

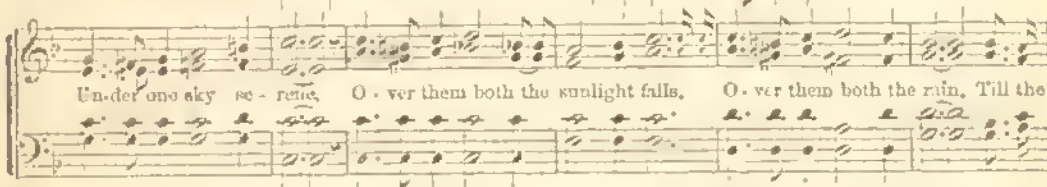
Rev. P. A. HANAFORD.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1 "Come unto me, earth's weary ones!"
 The Saviour saith to-day;
 "Come, ye that, heavy laden, sigh,
 Your burdens cast away!
 Come, in the sunny heat of noon,
 And I will give you rest;
 Come, weary pilgrim, hither come,
 And be forever blest!"</p> | <p>2 Lord Jesus I now thy voice we hear,
 No longer we delay!
 From earthly hopes and vain desires,
 Our spirits turn away,
 Thy voice, O Teacher, most divine!
 With gentle tones so sweet,
 Comes o'er us mid the din of earth,
 And stays our wandering feet.</p> | <p>3 Rest, rest in thee, my spirit longs
 Thy calm and sweet repose;
 To have my soul a tranquil lake
 Whereon faith's lily grows.
 I claim thy promise, gracious Lord!
 Thy love to comfort me,
 Repenting, hoping, loving now,
 O Christ! I come to thee.</p> |
|--|--|---|

Solo.

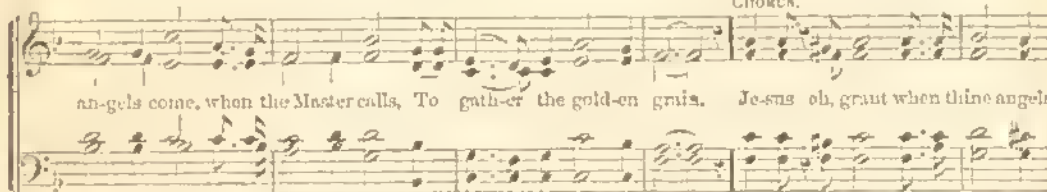


1. Growing to-gether, wheat and tares, Cluster-ing thick and green, Fanned by the gen-tle summer airs,

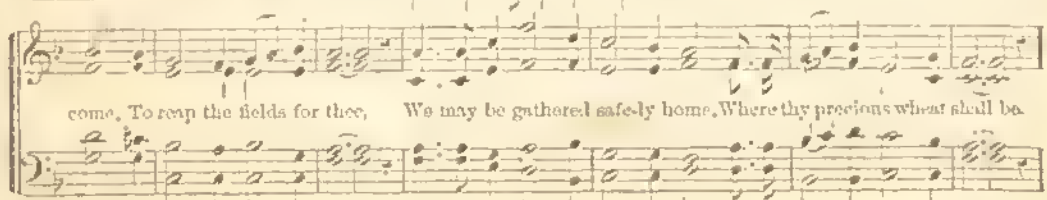


Un-der one sky se-riene, O-ver them both the sunlight falls, O-ver them both the rain, Till the

Chorus.



an-gels come, when the Master calls, To gath-er the gold-en grain. Je-sus oh, grant when thine angels



come, To reap the fields for thee, We may be gathered safe-ly home, Where thy precious wheat shall be

2 Growing together, side by side,
Both shall the reaper meet,
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,
Flowing heads of the wheat.
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain,
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky. *Cho.*

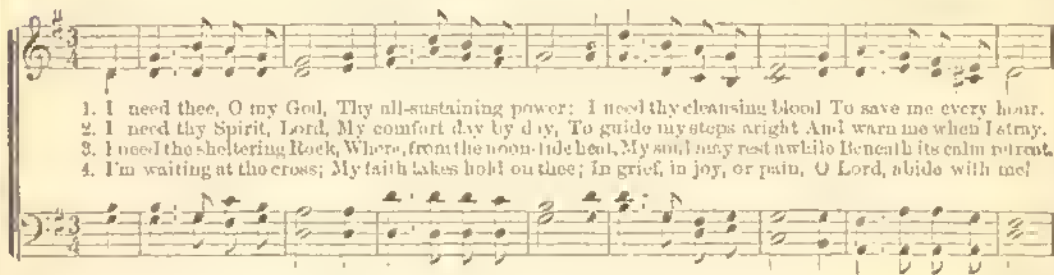
3 But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast.
Blind and bare, said the blessed Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last.
Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat. *Cho.*

4 Where shall the reapers look for us,
When that day of dark shall come?
Solenn the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that world's harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered in,
By the Master's own command,
For the tares alone, the doom of sin,
And the flame in the Judge's hand. *Cho.*

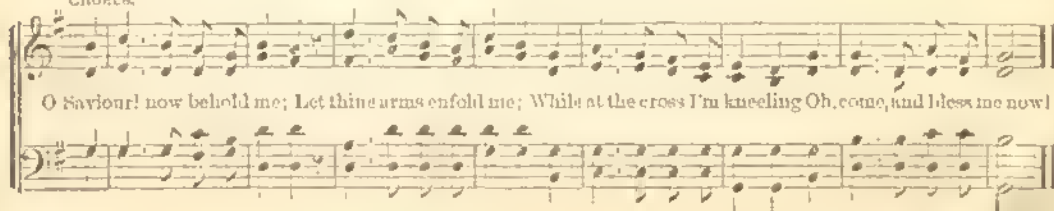
I NEED THEE, O MY GOD.

Wm. F. SHIRWIN. Cop. 1874.

F. —



CHORUS.



I'M NEARER MY HOME TO-DAY.

REV. GEORGE GILL.

GEORGE E. WEEKS. Cop. 1775.

1. There are mansions in the skies, I'm near-er my home to-day! To that bright and ho-ly land,
 2. Thither my af-fec-tious soul, I'm near-er my home to-day! Fleeting pleasures wing their flight,
 3. Now with joy-ous strains I sing! I'm near-er my home to-day! There a wel-come he will give,
 4. Death shall lose its power to sting, I'm near-er my home to-day! Where the white-robed glorious throng,
 5. To my Fa-ther's house I haste, I'm near-er my home to-day!
 6. Pur-er joys I there shall taste,
 7. Where the ransomed rest at home,
 8. Where no pain, nor sor-row e-er.

I with faith pur-sue my way, Led and kept by God's right hand, I'm near-er my home to-day.
 Earthly joys all fade a-way, Now I deem our sor-row's light, I'm near-er my home to-day.
 Then my tears he'll wipe a-way, In his love my soul shall live, I'm near-er my home to-day.
 Spend the long e-ter-nal day, Praising Christ in end-less song! I'm near-er my home to-day.

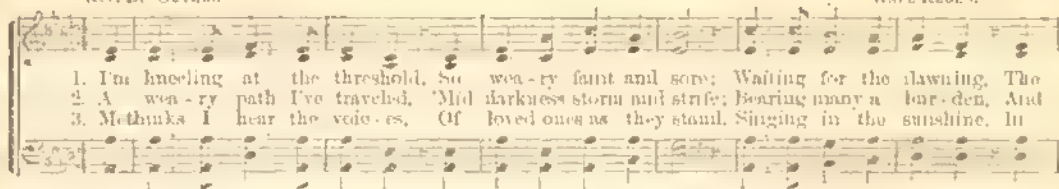
ff Chorus. *pp* *Rit.*
 Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day! Nearer my home, Nearer my home, I'm near-er my home to-day.

Rev. Dr. CUTHBERT

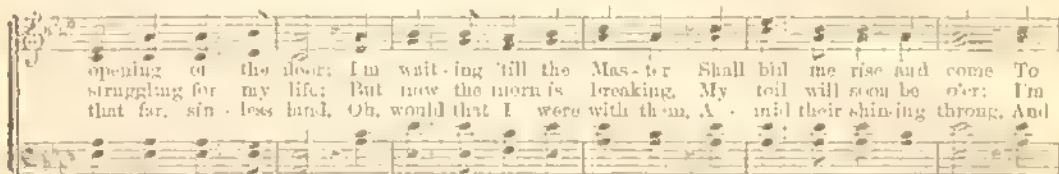
KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

KARL REDEM.

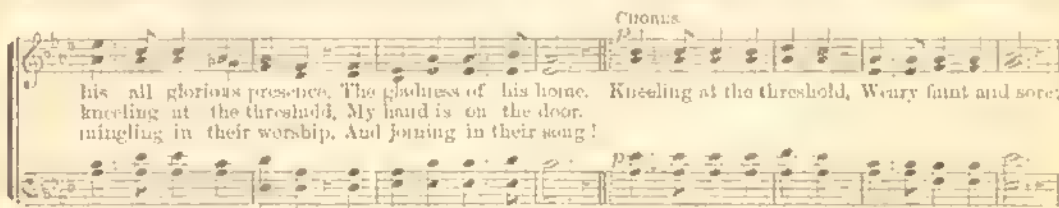
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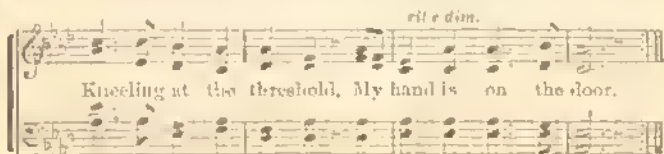
1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, So wea-ry faint and sore; Waiting for the dawning, The
 2. A wea-ry path I've travel'd, 'Mid darkness storm and strife; Bearing many a bur-den, And
 3. Methinks I hear the voic-es, Of loved ones as they stand, Singing in the sunshine, In



opening of the door; I'm wait-ing 'till the Mas-ter Shall bid me rise and come To
 struggling for my life; But now the morn is breaking, My toil will soon be o'er; I'm
 that far, sin-less band, Oh, would that I were with them, A-mid their shin-ing throng, And



Chorus
 his all glorious presence, The glad-ness of his home. Kneeling at the threshold, Weary faint and sore;
 kneeling at the thresh-old, My hand is on the door.
 mingling in their worship, And joining in their song!

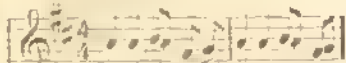


rit e dim.
 Kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door.

4 With them the bless'd angels,
 That know no grief or sin;
 See them by the portals,
 Prepared to let me in!
 O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
 Thy time and way are best;
 But I'm all worn and weary,
 O Father, bid me rest! *Cho.*

FIRST HYMN.

BEYOND THE TIDE.



1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we silently glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

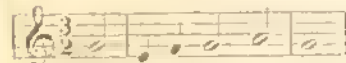
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Spread your sails wide heavenly
lightly waft our vessel on! breezes
All on board are awfully singing—
Sweet salvation is the song.

—SECOND HYMN.

HOLLISTON S. D.



1 Haste be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred souls
Is like to that above.

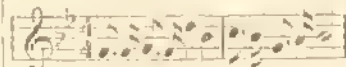
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our sins are
Our comforts and our cares. [unseen]

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

—THIRD HYMN.

FING THE TELL.



1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is
joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the father meets him out upon
the way,
Welcoming his weary, wand'ring
child.

CHORUS.

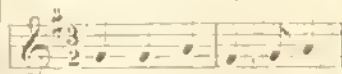
Glory! glory! how the angels sing:
glory! glory! how the loud harpers sing;
'Tis the ransomed army like a mighty
^{PSA.}
Praising forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is
joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful
way.
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the
blast to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant
strain;
Tell the joyful tidings! hear it far a-
way!
For a precious soul is born again.

—FOURTH HYMN.

AMERICA. GS & 48.



1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
land of the noble, free—
'Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
'Tis thou we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

FIRST HYMN.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.



- 1 Come, children, and join in our festal song,
The New Year has come, and the old year has gone;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise,
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

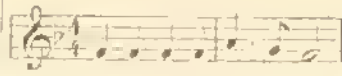
CHORUS.

Happy New Year to all! happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year, happy New Year,
happy New Year to all!

- 2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
thy voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy best presents we never may stray. *Chor.*
- 3 And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Hurry, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well. *Chor.*

SECOND HYMN.

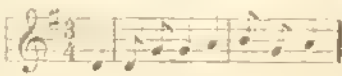
DESEVENTH.



- 1 While with remorseless course the sun
hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little time can know.
- 2 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins bestow;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With charity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

THIRD HYMN

SHINING SHORE.



- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

REFRAIN.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,

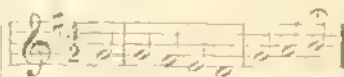
And just before the Shining Shore,
We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. *Ref.*

- 3 Should evening days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. *Ref.*

FOURTH HYMN

OLD H. NUMBER 1-11



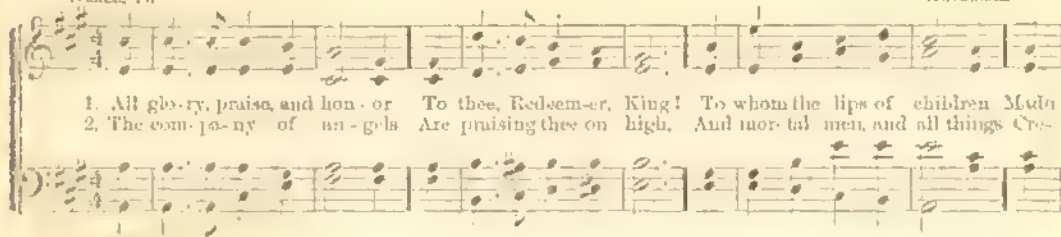
- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sinners shall rise and act no more.

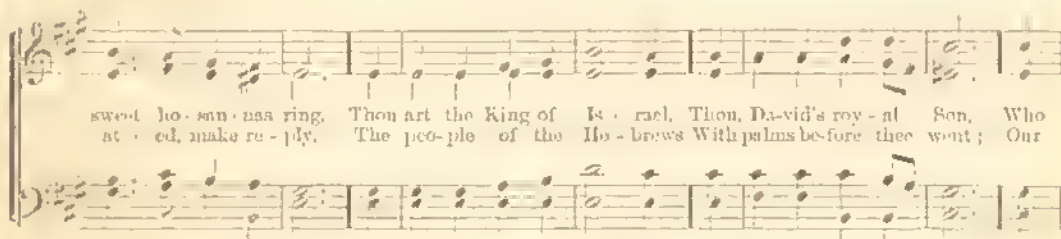
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

NEALE, T₆

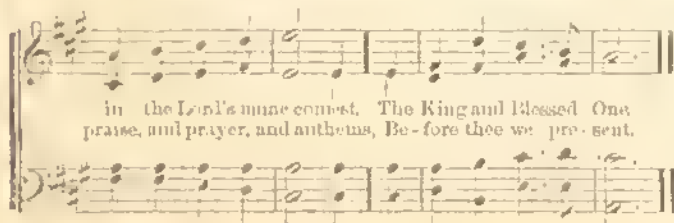
HAVERGAL



1. All glo-ry, praise, and hon-or To thee, Redeem-er, King! To whom the lips of children Made
2. The com-pan-y of an-gels Are praising thee on high, And imor-tal men and all things Cre-



sweet ho-san-nas ring. Thou art the King of Is-ra-el, Thou, Da-vid's roy-al Son, Who
at-ed, make re-ply. The peo-ple of the Ho-brews With palms be-fore thee went; Our



in the Lord's mine contest, The King and Blessed One,
praise, and prayer, and anthems, Be-fore thee we pre-sent.

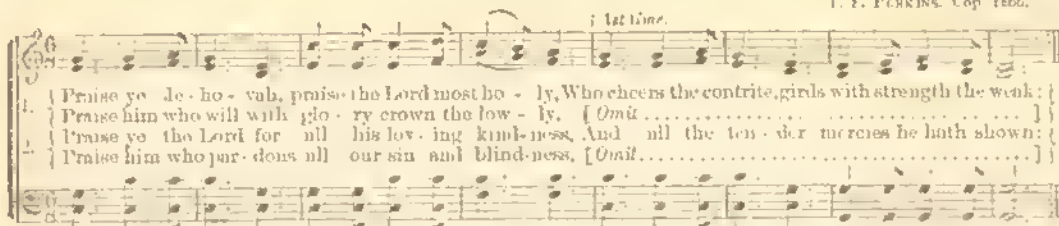
2 To thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exaltd,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

PRAISE YE JEHOVAH.

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T. F. PERKINS. Cop. 1866.

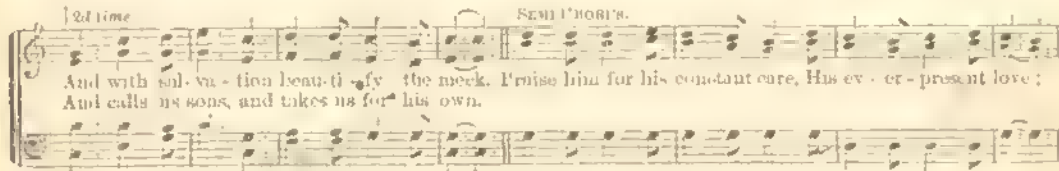
1st time.



1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the contrite, gives strength the weak ;
 2. Praise him who will with glo - ry crown the low - ly. [*Omni*]
 1. Praise ye the Lord for all his lov - ing kind - ness, And all the ten - der mercies he hath shown ;
 2. Praise him who pur - dons all our sin and blind - ness. [*Omni*]

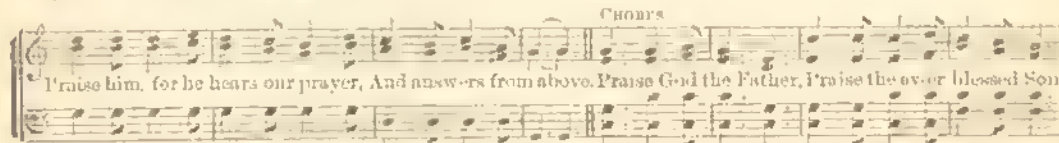
2d time

SEMI-PROPS.



And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek. Praise him for his constant care, His ev - er - present love ;
 And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.

CHORUS



I praise him, for he hears our prayer, And answers from above. Praise God the Father, I praise the ev - er blessed Son,



I praise God the Spir - it, Praise the Three in One.

- 3 I praise ye Jehovah ! source of every blessing,
 Before his gifts earth's richest gifts are dim ;
 Resting in him, his peace and love possess - ing,
 All things are ours, for we have all in him.
- 4 I praise ye the Lord ! God the Lord, who gave us,
 With full and perfect love, his only Son ;
 Praise ye the Son, who died himself to save us,
 Praise ye the Spirit ! praise the Three in One.

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